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Photo, Foulsham & Banfield

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THE LAST FEW DAYS.

NOTES ON NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Satire on the Tsar.

The *Morning Post* correspondent in St. Petersburg states that a political satire on the Tsar in the form of a fairy tale is circulating through all classes in St. Petersburg. It begins:

"There was once a little Emperor in whose country it was nearly always Winter, and the little Emperor had grown to love the Winter as a familiar friend. He liked to listen to the hoofs of the sleigh horses thudding on the hard snow."

Then Spring comes. Icicles melt and birds twitter in the trees. "And the Emperor said: 'I don't want any Spring in my land. Let it be struck off the Imperial Calendar, and let us keep the Winter as long as we can.' So the singing birds were silenced, and the cracks in the ice were frozen over, and the little Emperor was pleased.

"But one night an old man appeared to him as he slept and said: 'Gosudar, it is an evil and foolish thing that thou hast done. For now there will be no leaves on the trees to give shade when the fierce heats of summer arrive.' And the little Emperor awoke sad and troubled in mind and sent for his counsellors and told them: 'I wish to have the spring put back in the calendar.' But they told him: 'Gosudar, it is not possible to bring back the spring, for the buds on the trees are all nipped, and the earth is hard.' But the Emperor said: 'You must make me some sort of a spring, even like a half-tailed fox pelt, which is of little value, but better than no skin at all. There must be a spring.'

"So the counsellors put back the spring in the Imperial Calendar, and everyone in the Imperial Palaces talked about spring. Only there was no spring. Instead of singing birds one heard only the croaking of the hooded crows and the screaming of famished water-fowl. And the little Emperor wept, and sat in his palace waiting for what the fierce summer heat might bring."

Photo, Thomson.
Mrs. Herbert Gladstone, wife of the new Home Secretary.

In the Lions' Den.

Some men tackle a lion with as complete assurance of success as others handle a vicious horse or dog. There used to be a man at the Zoo who possessed this faculty in a greater degree than he knew. One Sunday afternoon a lion broke from his cage. The keeper seized him by the mane, and cuffed and kicked him back to his den as if he had been a donkey. When the door of the cage slammed to upon the lion, light seemed to break in upon the keeper, and—he swooned.

Barnum once had a cage of five fierce lions, valuable from the fact that no man dared enter their den. There came to the show one day a big German, who was engaged to assist in keeping the cage tidy. Soon he was missed, and subdued mutterings and roarings from the lions' quarters directed a search in that direction. There was Hans in the cage sweeping merrily. The "untamable" lions cowered in a corner, and when Hans wanted to sweep there he calmly "shooed" them out of the way with his broom. No flock of sheep could have been handled with greater contempt. The manager besought the German to come out—he would be eaten alive. Hans went on whistling and sweeping, and came out when he was ready, unscathed. It did not suit the "bill" of his masters, but he had tamed the untamable quintette at the first attempt.

Photo, Cameron Studio.
Mrs. Asquith, the wife of the new Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Photo, Barrett.
WAITING FOR THE QUEEN: Miss Dorothy Allen and Miss Ida Kemp waiting for Her Majesty at Worksop station last week.

Photo, Ralph.
THE KING'S CHRISTMAS PARTY: Christmas tree in the ball-room at Sandringham for the children on the estate.

Trades that Live on Christmas.

Christmas stimulates all industries, but there are some trades which practically live on the greatest of our yearly festivals. For instance, there is the manufacture of Christmas candles, which are used in countless myriads in the Roman Catholic and Greek Churches all over the world, and at which skilled artists work all the year round.

Photo, Langfier.
The new Countess of Cowley, better known as Lady Hartopp. She married the Earl last week at Colombo.

These candles are of all sorts and sizes, but the speciality of the trade is the Paschal candle, which is some six feet high and three inches and a half in diameter, weighs nearly fifty pounds, and is invariably made of the purest beeswax.

These great altar-shafts are elaborately decorated with broad bands and designs of blue, gold, bronze, and red, all painted by hand, so that it is no wonder that they are costly. Nine to twelve pounds per pair is quite a usual price. There are also the special small candles of all colours, made for the decoration of Christmas trees and known as "tree-tapers."

The Christmas plum pudding occupies the energies of housewives for several weeks before Christmas. It also keeps busy large special departments of various biscuit and cake manufacturing firms for a large portion of the year; for we export plum puddings by the hundred tons to all parts of the world.

There are fruit growers in California who may be said to live on Christmas. These are the owners of the orchards which produce pears for dessert.

Florida orange growers, Azores pineapple planters, Canadian apple sellers, and owners of Cape plum orchards all cater especially for Christmas.

There are turkey farms in Norfolk in Canada, in Italy, Russia, and Normandy which all exist simply to supply the Christmas market. The Norman turkeys are, perhaps, the finest of the foreign lot, equalling the best Norfolk, and purchasable up to thirty pounds in weight. The Italian is the smallest, and the British the most tender and most expensive.

No one actually grows holly or mistletoe for sale, though plenty make a yearly harvest by cutting it and sending it to market. There are, however, several plantations in Yorkshire especially devoted to the growing of Christmas trees, and men are at work on them all the year round to make the trees perfectly symmetrical. The best of these trees are worth as much as £3 apiece.

Near London is a palm "forcer" who has nearly a hundred glass houses devoted to the growing of palms of different kinds, and his market is in the main a Christmas one.

Palms are becoming more and more popular for Christmas decorations. Their prices, wholesale, run from a shilling to a guinea apiece.

Toys for Christmas and Christmas cards keep thousands employed from one December to the next, while a brand new business has recently sprung up in the manufacture of artful advertisements masquerading under the guise of Christmas cards.

The proportions of the Christmas cracker industry may be gathered from the fact that between 15,000,000 and 16,000,000 are manufactured each for home use.

There is an ever-increasing number of people who make their living at window decorating, and for these the great harvest of the year comes at Christmastide when every window vies with every other in attracting customers.

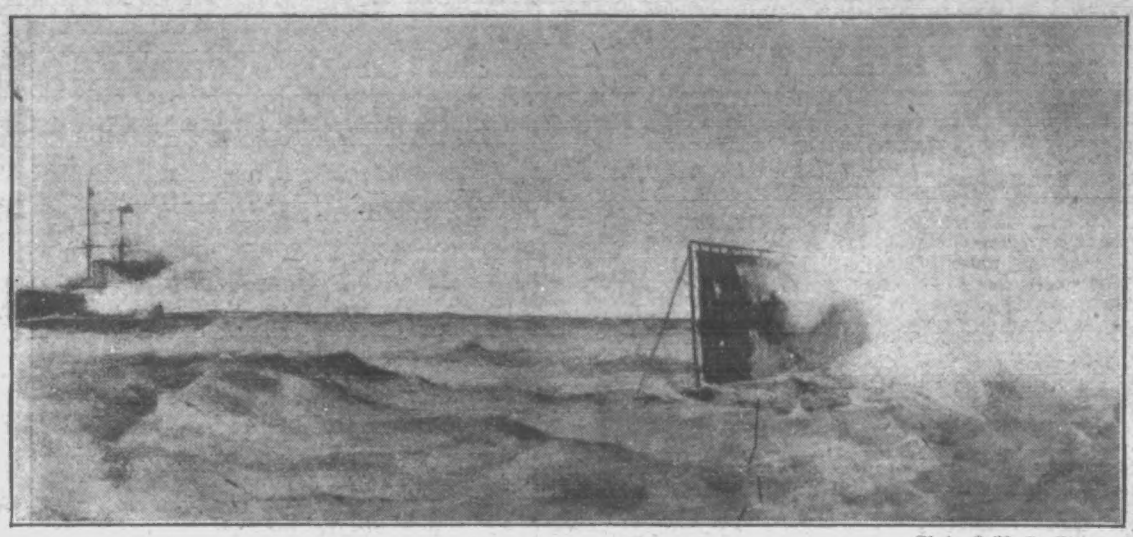
The butcher's artist is, perhaps, the most important of the lot. His work is not only to hang up the fat beasts so as to make the best show, but to decorate them with designs cut in fat.

So much as a pound or thirty shillings is paid for a portrait of the King and Queen done in this way, and there is a man in Smithfield who will guarantee to copy any picture which the butcher likes for a specified sum.

Pigeon's Strange Return Home.

Of three pigeons taken from Blackburn to the Isle of Man in August, 1903, two returned in good time. The third did not appear, and was given up as lost. It has, however, just flown into its owner's cote in a half-starved condition, but still wearing the ring, with a number, which had been put on two years and four months ago.

Photo, Park.
Another Peerage Claimant: Mr. Edward A. B. Mordaunt, who claims to be the rightful heir to the Earldom of Peterborough.



Photo, Cribb, Southsea.

SHOOTING IN THE NAVY: H.M.S. "King Edward VII." firing into the new service target from the 12 in. and 9·2 guns.

Beware of the Christmas Thief.

There is a cheerful rat-tat at the door in the dusk of the evening, and the servant-girl answers the knock. In the open doorway stands a railway parcels van man, with a hamper, between the interstices of the wicker-work of which some feathers show.

The book is signed in the dim light, the hamper is deposited on the mat, and the door is shut. But, before the servant can get the hamper away, there is another rat-tat, just like the other one.

The railway man is there again with another hamper, but he rather hangs back in the dim light, though he is voluble enough, and says very politely:

"So sorry, miss—so sorry, but we're so run off our legs; I've left you the wrong hamper—this is the proper one, this bigger one; my mate handed the wrong one out of the van—but all's well that ends well, eh?"

The maid is just a little flustered; she hardly looks at either the man or the first-delivered hamper, or the label on the latter. She passes out the one hamper and takes in the other, and the man, with many profuse thanks, departs at once.

When the family assemble round the hamper and search for its contents, they find only half bricks and rubbish, instead of fat birds and luscious pats of country butter.

The second caller was an artful thief. He and certain confederates hire a van and a very swift horse, they then watch some railway van, and mark what sort of a man is in charge. After that the principal swindler is made up exactly like the real van man.

When the latter has delivered a parcel and driven swiftly away, the sham parcel-deliverer calls.

In one district of London alone, some 200 hampers and parcels were obtained in the way spoken of above in a couple of days, and not once were the thieves challenged. Small dealers in the East-end sell off all the produce obtained.

Persistent Lover.

Hull detectives have been endeavouring to solve a mysterious sequel to a secret courtship which has accentuated the sorrow in the home of James Thomas Carlill, the young Hull fisherman sentenced to death for the murder of his mate on a steam trawler, says the *Daily Express*.

The widowed mother of the condemned man has had many friends calling upon her to express sympathy with her. But among the visitors was a man whose presence was not welcome.

He was an old lover of the youngest daughter of the grief-stricken mother, a man about twenty years her elder, who had come from Philadelphia.

It appears that many years ago the man stowed away from Russia on a ship on which the girl's brother was steward's mate. On arriving at Hull he was befriended by the Carlills, and given board and lodging in their humble home.

At that time the girl was very young, and was in an orphan home, but, strange as it may seem, the man became infatuated from the first time he saw her.

Ultimately he went out to Philadelphia, but when he visited England again he went to Hull and sought out the girl. His attentions were not approved by the mother, but on going away again the infatuated man kept up a secret correspondence with the girl, letters being delivered at neighbours' houses in Hull.

About a year ago the girl broke off correspondence and became engaged to a young farmer. She wrote to Philadelphia notifying the first lover of the change of her affections.

Nothing more was heard from him until the visit to Hull this week. The girl told him to keep away, and the afflicted mother begged him not to make more trouble.

The man was persistent, and finally induced the girl to visit him at his lodgings. Her mother and relations begged her not to go, but she did not heed their warning, assuring them she would be back in a few minutes.

That was on Monday. She has not returned yet, and inquiries show that she left Hull with her lover for Liverpool, the man having a pass for Philadelphia.

Mrs. Carlill is confident that her daughter has not gone away of her own free will. She says the girl was afraid of the man, and had repeatedly said she would not marry him. She is only seventeen years of age.

Photo, Photo Press.

Nellie Ross, who pluckily rescued a boy from the River Wye, awarded the Humane Society's vellum certificate; also admitted free life member of the West Ham Swimming Baths.

Music in the Home.

The improved organette of to-day is a very different instrument to that of a few years ago. It is now possible to produce from it any melody in any tone with real orchestral effects, it is particularly adapted for the playing of hymns, and should prove a welcome instrument in the home on a winter's Sunday evening. We would specially recommend to intending purchasers the "Orchestral" organette made by J. M. Draper, Blackburn, and readers should certainly write him for a catalogue and list of music.

Sailor's Daring Deed.

A daring and heroic act was performed by an unknown sailor during a fire in Liverpool.

The outbreak occurred at Messrs. Morgan and Co.'s sheep-dip factory, in which a large quantity of sulphur was stored. A number of workmen were engaged in one of the top rooms of the building, and were overcome by the burning chemicals.

The sailor, who was passing along the street and heard of the danger of the men, at once climbed to the roof of the burning building by way of a top-storey window in the next premises.

He tore off some of the slates and knocked a hole in the ceiling of the room in which the overpowered men lay, thus giving an outlet for the escape of the fumes.

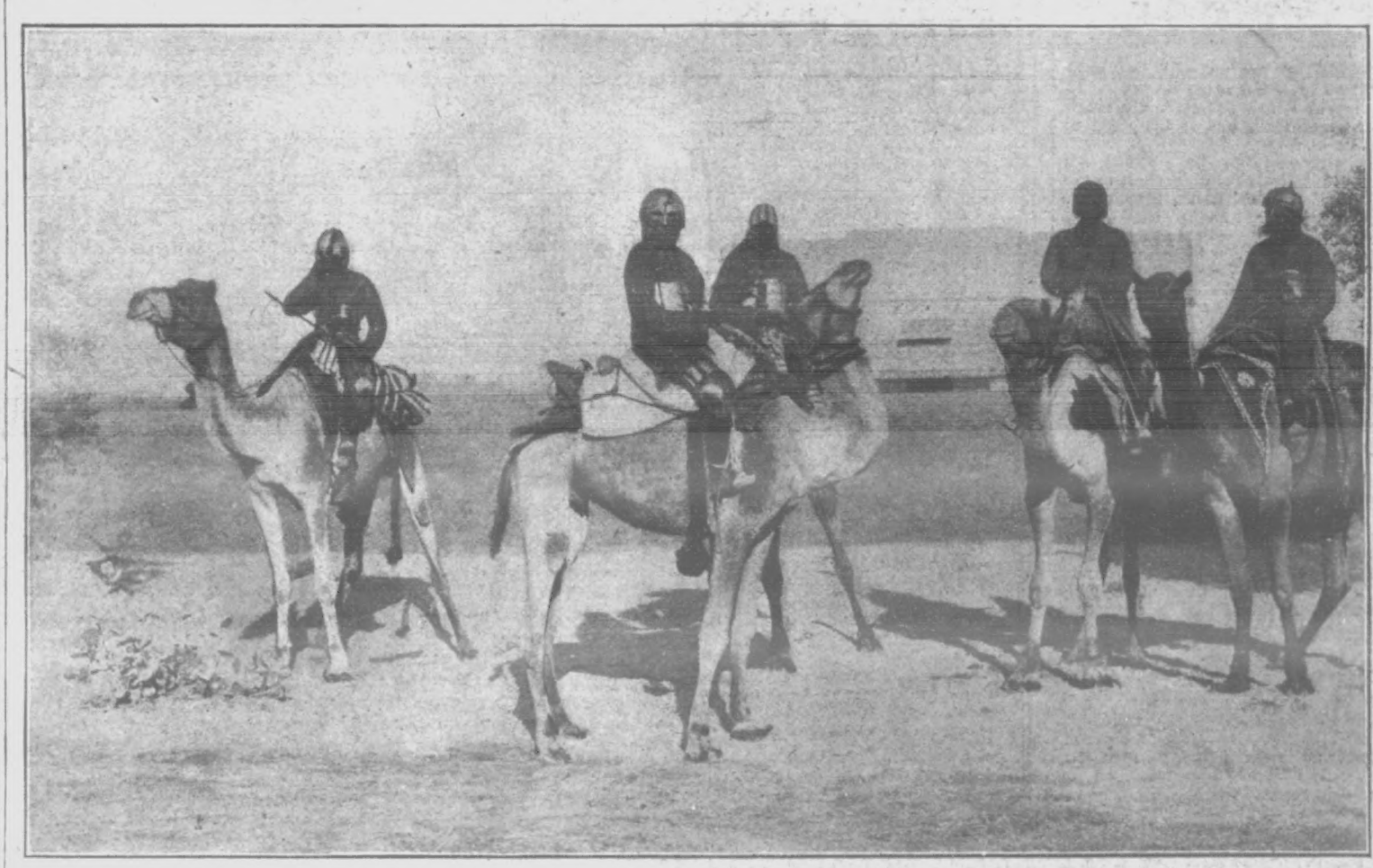
Meanwhile the fire brigade had arrived, and promptly placing the escape against the window, rescued the men, five in all, from the room.

They were partially unconscious, and it was stated that their lives had undoubtedly been saved by the action of the sailor.

When, however, the bluejacket was sought for, with the object of expressing the men's gratitude to him, he had disappeared.

Photo, Photo Press.

Pastor-poet-policeman: The Rev. George Mitchell was formerly in the Metropolitan Police, where he gained distinction as a poet-policeman by his "Ballads in Blue." He is now pastor of the Wood Street Baptist Chapel, Walthamstow.



Photo, Bourne & Shepherd.

THE PRINCE IN INDIA: A unique snapshot of some of the Rajput Warriors, clad in ancient armour, who formed the retinue of the Maharaja of Bakarir.

A Modern Crusoe.

The fishing-ketch Royal Oak has arrived at Melbourne with the body of an unknown man, which was found on Three Hummocks Island, in the Hunter Group, north of Tasmania. Close to the corpse were a rifle, a sword, and revolver, a frying-pan, and a kerosene stove. This reads like a modern version of Defoe's story.

Photo, Cribb, Southsea.

SHOOTING IN THE NAVY: Hauling in the target after the practice, showing the successful firing. The new target is the invention of Admiral Scott, Inspector of Target Practices.

Photo, Park.

A Unique Christmas Cake: Mr. J. H. Buck, of Leytonstone, has built a most novel Christmas Cake in the form of a gigantic windmill, which is a true and working model of Barking windmill. Amongst the ingredients were 3,000 eggs.

Called by the Wrong Name.

Irish stew is a dish never seen in Ireland.

Kid gloves are not kid, but made of lamb or sheep skin.

Blacklead does not contain a single particle of lead, but is composed of carbon and iron.

Whalebone is not bone at all, nor does it possess any properties of bone. It is a substance attached to the lower jaw of the whale, and seems to strain the water which the creature takes up in large mouthfuls.

Sealing wax is not wax at all, nor does it contain a single particle of wax. It is made of shellac, Venice turpentine, and cinnabar.

Brussels' sprouts are no more grown in Brussels than Spanish onions in Spain, and French beans in France.

A Dinner Decoration for Christmas.

An orange-coloured table centre of rich satin always shows up anything green very well. One of this colour should have an edging of delicate green moss. Artificial moss may be bought by the yard for edging purposes. Upon the moss tiny bunches of holly, tied with orange ribbon, lie at equal distances apart on all four sides of the satin. The bunches must each show several bright berries.

Upon the table centre stands a high glass-dish, having a tall foot. On this is placed a very large cornucopia, made of pale green plaited straw. These cornucopias can be ordered at the florist's. They are one form of beautiful table and flower-show decoration. Some are made of light green rush, others are of loosely-plaited straw. Their fabric is adapted for the insertion of power-stalks and leaf-stalks wherever these may be required to go.

This cornucopia arises from a mass of flowers and fruit, artistically arranged on the dish which holds it. It is itself filled with fruit, greenery, and flowers, and should amply justify its own meaning of the "Horn of Plenty."

Smilax, maiden-hair fern, lightly-made holly, wreaths, plenty of holly-berries, both yellow and red, are needed for the decoration of the cornucopia. From its wide mouth emerges a luscious bunch of grapes, half-draped with feathery asparagus fern. Further within, the rich golden coats of Tangerine oranges gleam under a veil of maiden-hair. A yellow pippin partly hangs without, supported by invisible wires. Upon the dish itself, Mandarin oranges, grapes, and rose-hued dessert-apples are set, each lovely fruit showing its colour under a light veil of maiden-hair ferns. Bunches of raisins drop from the cornucopia and hang over the dish. Between the different fruits nestle waxen Christmas roses, with here and there a dash of red geranium.

Long sprays of smilax hang from the cornucopia, drooping over it from every side, and trailing gracefully upon the orange table centre. These sprays are strengthened with fine wire behind them, and held in firm place at the corners of the table-runner by the wire which is pinned down at these places. Here and there upon the length of smilax, a pure white bloom or a scarlet flower is tied on with a delicate bow of the narrowest glacé baby-ribbon, orange in colour, like the table centre.

Meandering over the cornucopia and wreathing round it, is a length of berried-holly, the leaves sewn over narrowest tape, so as to completely hide their foundation. This holly wreath also edges the mouth of the "Plenty Horn."

At each corner of the table is a circle of smilax wreathed over wire which makes the ring. The smilax is tied with flowers and encloses an ornamental box of candied fruit.

The name cards, placed on the table to show where people are to sit, are all Christmas cards. These cards should also be designed so as to form conversation subjects. They often take the first stiffness away from any guests who may be shy.

The flowers set here and there upon this table are not put in glass vessels. Instead, one or two miniature cornucopias are held by a wire foot upon the table. These are filled with a spray of maiden-hair wired to keep in place, each spray tied with a bloom.

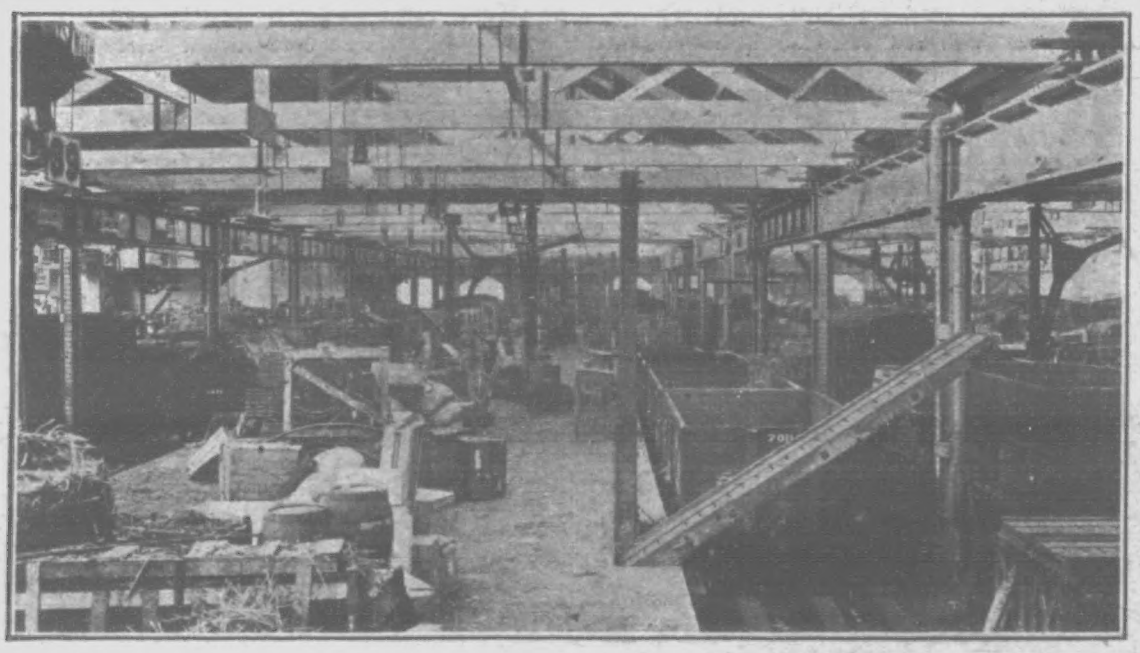
A Christmas cracker should accompany the Christmas card by each place.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

A FREE CONCERT, DINNER, AND CLOTHES: The dinner given by Mrs. Gibbs, of Shadwell, to very poor children in the Town Hall of St. George's in the East, last week. A concert was given and every girl presented with a new dress and every boy with a suit.

Photo, National Photo Agency.

A MILLION FRANCS FOR A HOUSE-PAINTER AND HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW: MM. Gelpin and Nessin, winners of the French Press Lottery, at home, with Mme. Gelpin. M. Gelpin is a journeyman painter, forty-eight years of age, and the father of five children. M. Nessin is a metal-worker, is thirty-two years of age, and is a bachelor.



NEW TRANSHIP SHED AT CREWE, where the Christmas goods traffic of the L. and N.W.R. is concentrated before distribution.

A Tranship Shed.

The London and North-Western Railway have now in full working order the new tranship shed at Crewe, which is the concentrating point for all the goods traffic on their system with the exception of live stock and minerals. From whatever point a goods train may start, with a few exceptions, it finds its way to Crewe as speedily as possible, where it is run into the tranship shed and discharged of its burden. The various packets are then put into waggons, which take them to their ultimate destinations. Briefly, the system of working is this. Supposing a hundred trains arrive in the day from a hundred different places, each train having a packet consigned to Rugby, the hundred packets so accumulated for Rugby are put into one waggon, and so on with the packets for every other place. When a waggon is full it is sent out to the goods sidings, where the goods trains are made up. By a packet is meant anything that may be sent by train, from a kitchen range to a pet monkey, for every imaginable class of goods in large and small quantities may be seen in the tranship shed. Every packet that enters the shed must leave Crewe the same day; 26,000 packets are on an average passed daily through the shed, weighing over a thousand tons.

The Woman who Moved the Tsar.

The Baroness von Suttner, who has been awarded the Nobel Peace Prize of £8,000, is one of the best known members of the peace movement on the Continent, lives in a beautiful castle in Vienna.

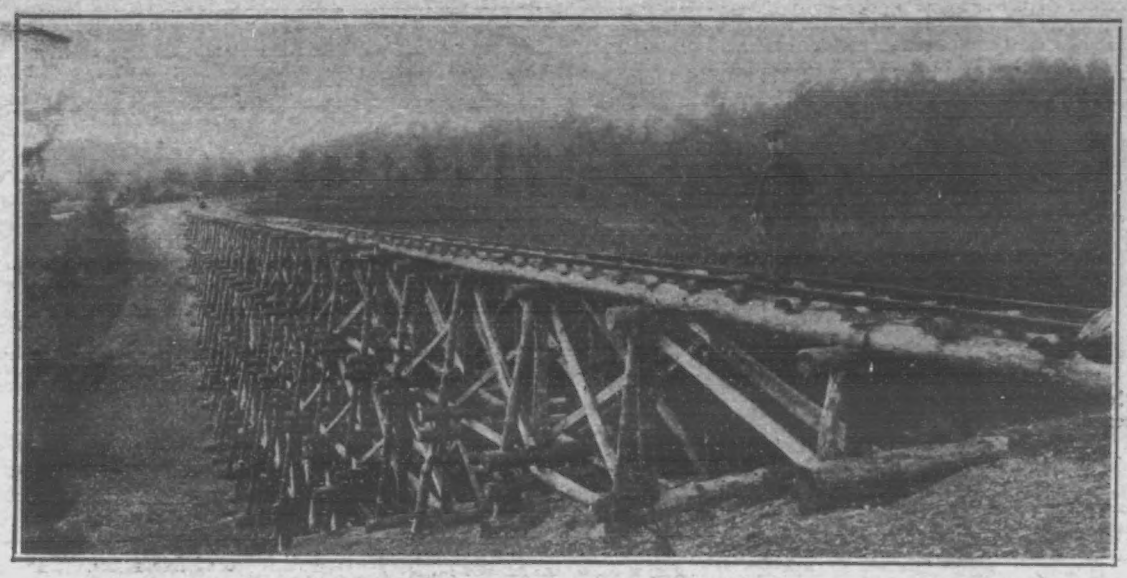
She is known as "the woman who moved the Tsar," for it is said that it was immediately after reading her famous war novel, "Lay Down Your Arms!" that his Majesty issued his famous Peace Rescript.

The book made such an impression that it was mentioned by the Austrian Minister of Finance in the Chamber of Deputies.

In her youth the Baroness loved the uniform, and soon was engaged to a dashing German officer, Prince Wittgenstein, who was killed in the French war. It was this tragic bereavement which set her against the slaughter of modern wars.

In 1876 she married Baron Arthur Suttner, against the wishes of both families, which compelled the couple to seek their own fortunes. Immediately after the secret marriage they betook themselves to the Caucasus. There Baron Suttner earned his livelihood as an engineer, architect, and war correspondent, while the baroness helped by giving lessons in singing, piano, and languages. The voluntary exiles lived in perfect happiness till the death of Baron Suttner in 1902.

The woman who moved the Tsar: Baroness von Suttner, whose famous war novel, "Lay Down Your Arms," is said to have caused the Tsar to issue his famous Peace Rescript.



Photo, Knight.

A REMARKABLE TRESTLE BRIDGE NEAR PIRBRIGHT, which the Royal Engineers have recently completed across a picturesque valley, by name Curyon Bridges. This structure is built in four successive tiers, with rails on the platform for light railway purposes. The length of the bridge is 334ft., greatest height 41ft., width of rail 2ft. 6in.

A Cheshire Earthquake.

Throughout the Wirral district, Cheshire, a shock of earthquake was felt on Sunday night. People jumped from their beds in alarm, most of them thinking the movement was caused by an explosion. Windows were shaken, and a rocking of the ground was very distinctly felt in the villages all over the district.

A Daring Engine-Driver.

The oldest engine-driver in the United Kingdom, Edward Whittle, is dead at Belfast. He was born in 1820. The *Telegraph* relates some of his adventures in the French Revolution of 1848. He was driving the Paris to Rouen train. When the revolt occurred he had to run a special over the line with troops, and, reaching Manior Bridge, which spans the Seine, was stopped and told the bridge had been burned and was unsafe. Whittle was ordered to return. But he ran his train back half a mile, then dashed it at full speed across. The troops were aghast at his daring.

What She Regretted.

Mr. W. Pett Ridge, presiding at the New Vagabonds' Club dinner, at which Mr. C. B. Fry was the guest of the evening, recalled an incident at a dinner given by Mrs. Fry to poor children in the East-end. One little girl was looking in a melancholy way at her half-empty plate. Mr. Pett Ridge asked what the trouble was. "You can't help it," she replied. "Go away." Mr. Will. B. Crooks went to her, and, after much hesitation, the small one explained the situation: "I wish," she said sighing, "I hadn't had my stays mended."

Behind the Scenes of the Russian Revolution.

Mr. Percival Gibbon, in one of the admirable pen-pictures which he is contributing to the *Evening Standard*, paints a life-like portrait of one of the student agitators on his methods. Here is the description of a village revolutionary meeting:

The student had a paper in his hand, but he never glanced at it: it was like the music-roll a tenor carries on the platform in a concert. Slowly turning, he scanned his audience, weighing their capacity and seeking his man. From vacant face to face his scrutiny travelled expertly, till it lighted with a spark of recognition and satisfaction on the hard red and white of a stolid elder. The question pounced at once upon him.

"Daddy, have you eaten any meat to-day?"

Every head in the audience turned at once; every eye was switched on to the ancient. He, embarrassed, doubtful, and annoyed, signified a stammering negative.

"Why?" The question snapped at him.

Still every eye held daddy in focus. He fidgeted in a kind of agony. "I am a poor man," he whined. "I can't afford to eat meat."

"Why?"

"Why?" Daddy's voice woke to a vague resentment. The villagers had laughed. "Why? Do you think I own the whole province? I have to make my living out of an acre and a half."

"Why?" The one word was persistent as a ferret, but it was snapped forth with no kind of humour. It was aggressive and challenging, barbed with a hint of contempt, charged with a suspicion of pity. The old man rose to it.

"Because it is all I have," he retorted, with some spirit.

"Why?"

The old man puckered his heavy brows and scowled at the questioner who badgered him. "Why?" asked the student again. "Tell me why, daddy?"

"It is easy enough to say why when you wear a long coat and have money in your pocket," boomed daddy wrathfully. "But if you were a peasant you'd have your answer in the patch of land that must fill your belly, and that of the Storshina as well. If we all had ten acres we could keep cattle and live at ease. But we haven't."

He gazed round triumphantly on an audience obviously impressed by his eloquence. He seemed to think that the matter was handled.

"Why?" demanded the student, with an action of derision.

The elder squared his shoulders and pondered; the audience hung agape on his answer. It was a match between their man and the student, and their minds were nailed on the argument. The student watched them with a half-smile that had no contempt in it while the old man worked out his retort.

"Well?" he said, as the latter raised his head. "Well, why?"

"Because," said daddy recklessly, with the sprightly daring of one who quotes Voltaire at a tea-meeting—"because there is not room on the land for both the peasant's crops and the Knias' (Prince's) orangeries."

He tossed his old head knowingly, enjoying the buzz that followed on his words, the shocked undertones of the conventionally disapproving. There are limits to the socialism of the workhouse; in a less degree there are bounds to the common-sense of the Russian village. But the student, gaunt and commanding under the uneasy flares, stilled all with a wave of the hand.

"There," he began, in a voice that rang like an ominous bell—"there you have the root of it." His slim length began to be feverishly active as he talked; his hands travelled graphically in spasms of gesticulation; and inside of a minute he was launched on the blood-streaked tide of his lecture. His questions, the deadly and recurring "why?" were on the ruthless system favoured by the propagandists of making the peasants think, and building on their conclusions the whole argument of anarchy and revolution. "The Prince," he cried, "has the better right to live. You grant it to him. Has he, then, the better right to die?" He thrust his curved hand in their staring faces, and flung his words like lashes of a whip. "You give your dogs room; who gives you room?" he demanded. And they looked at one another.

It was red war that he preached, and for all his convictions, his cordial faith in all he said, the earnestness and honesty of purpose which I can vouch for, it was cunningly put. With metaphors balanced on the plough and spade, with images drawn from their daily lives, he flogged up their torpid souls to the pitch of revolt. He named their daily griefs in phrases that wrung them to groans. "I cannot understand how you dare have children!" he said, and then he stopped.

In a day or two they will have forgotten the principles he watered for them and the doctrine he adulterated to the level of their comprehension. But some of his words will stick. Sooner or later the château of the prince will be burned and the orangery laid waste. The peasants will exact the answer to the inexorable "why" of their narrow lives and their aching poverty with axe and rope.

All Russia's future is in that answer.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

NOVEL METHOD OF MOVING A CHURCH: The iron church of Ashtead is being bodily removed a distance of 140 yards, to permit the erection of a new edifice. It is being moved on wooden rollers with the aid of a hawser and winch.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

THE UNEMPLOYED PROBLEM: The out-of-works eating their lunch of sandwiches outside the Premier's house last week.

Bodies Dressed Like Wild Game.

Some natives of Moskelyn Island, in the South Seas, going to Mallicolo to trade, were waylaid by Kanakas, slain, dressed as if they were wild game, and prepared for a feast. The bodies were put in a canoe, and, as the murderers were leaving, they incurred the suspicion of a French trader, named M. Vigourez. The natives told him they had killed some pigs, and the Frenchman allowed them to go. Afterward, several tribes gathered and had a feast of human flesh. White settlers learned of this, and, under pressure, the natives admitted they had roasted the bodies and devoured the arms and legs.

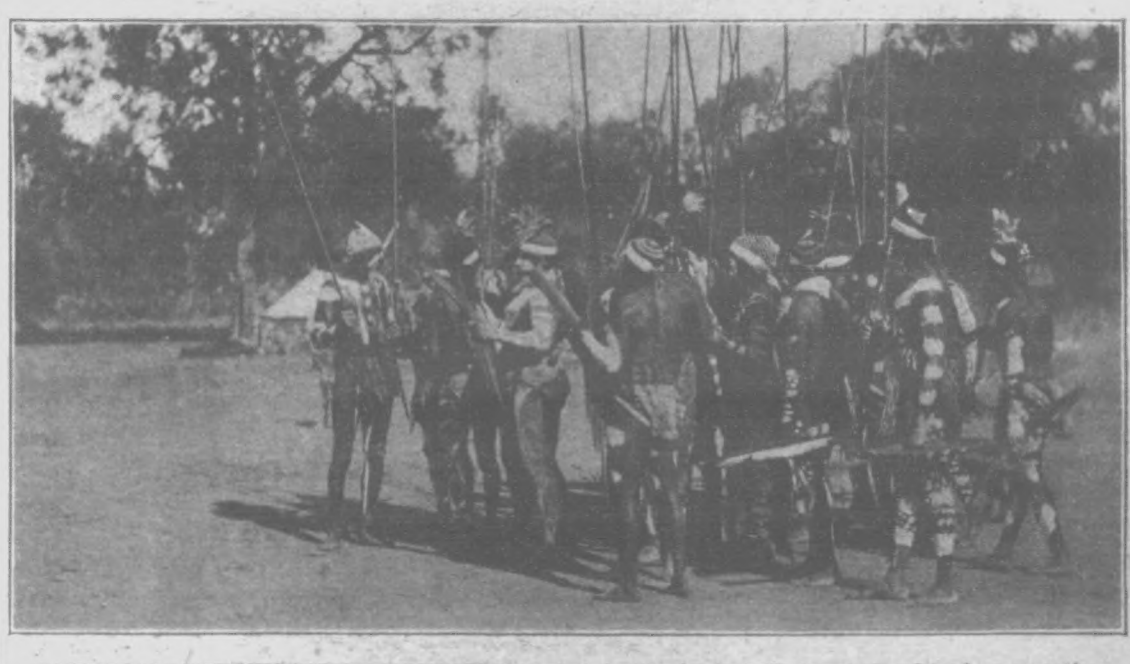
New Hebrides natives attacked a French expedition sent to punish the blacks for outrages and murders at Bullies, on Malleco Island. The French warship Mueurine had landed a party of marines, who arrested three chiefs.

As the party took their captives from the village a shot fired from ambush killed one marine gunner. The party then attacked the village, dispersed the natives, and killed four men. The landing party burned the village and returned to the bay, where it was again fired upon and a marine was wounded.

The natives say the murderers of Captain Richard Pentecost and six members of the trader Petrel were taken to Noumea. They were the ringleaders of a party which tied Pentecost to a tree and hurled spears, and while he was still conscious threw him into the water and danced while sharks tore the body to pieces.

The Cabinet.

We regret that in our last issue we attributed the photo of Mr. James Bryce to Messrs Elliott & Fry; it should have been acknowledged to Messrs. Alfred Ellis & Walery.



CANNIBALS IN THE SOUTH SEAS: Types of the natives who killed a party of traders recently, roasted and ate parts of them.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

FOOTBALL.

"Beaten at last!" Such was the general exclamation when the news came through on Saturday that the New Zealanders had met their "Waterloo" at Cardiff. I expressed the opinion that if any side would beat the Colonials it would be Wales. But, candidly, I did not expect the New Zealanders would be beaten throughout the tour which has now come to be the talk of the whole football world. Yet beaten they were, by a try to nil, though they claim that Deans equalised the score that Morgan had previously made for Wales. At the same time, the New Zealanders admit that a draw would not have reflected the merits of the sides on the run of the game, for Wales, they declare, deserved to win, and were the better side on the day—a sportsmanlike attitude, indeed.

From beginning to end it was a battle of giants, and the 45,000 people who assembled at Cardiff Arm's Park were almost frenzied in their excitement. The Welsh acted up to their traditional policy of "aggressive defence," and this paid, though it was not until the last blow of the whistle that the result was a matter of certainty. Incidentally it may be remarked that the "gate" was a record for Wales.

The game has been described in some quarters as a rough one. The application is, however, unfitted to the occasion, and the word "strenuous" would better describe the play. Who can expect thirty trained athletes, struggling for all they were worth for the mastery, to deal with each other in a "drawing-room" manner? The resolute tackling of the respective sides occasionally resulted in hard knocks, but it was that desperate resolution that lent such splendid zest to the game.

The Welshmen only just got home by one try to nil, but it was enough for the purpose of showing that, with proper training and adaptation of the right methods, we have athletes on this side quite equal to those who had, up till last Saturday, so completely mastered us. It is reported—I give it with reserve—that the Welsh Rugby Union had provided opportunities for their players to continually study the New Zealanders' style. Whether that be so or not, they had opportunities of practising together which were not enjoyed by the other Unions. Further, they had the good sense to meet the Colonials with their own methods—so hats off to "gallant little Wales."

Turning to the Association games, and taking the League matches in their order of importance, Liverpool ousted Aston Villa from their position of League leaders, though relatively Birmingham have quite as good a position, being but one point behind with a match in hand. The Arsenal badly disappointed their supporters at Plumstead, for they had only Middlesbrough to beat, and, despite their poor form this season, it was thought that they would gain the points. As it happened, however, they could only draw by scoring 2 goals against the same number by their rivals, and at one time they looked like being beaten.

This left the positions of the two clubs unaltered in the League table, but Sunderland, through their success at Roker Park over Manchester City, step over the Plumstead Club, whose record of having given away eight points in the last nine fixtures is anything but satisfactory. Birmingham carried too many guns for Notts Forest, whose forwards gave a very poor display, and they were beaten by 5 goals to nil, but a remarkable victory of Notts County over Aston Villa by 2 goals to 1 probably afforded some consolation to the followers of the game in the lace town.

Preston North End beat Bolton Wanderers at Bolton by 2 goals to 1, Derby County got the better of Wolverhampton Wanderers by 2 goals to nil, Stoke beat Newcastle United, Sunderland Manchester City by 2 goals to nil, and Blackburn Rovers Bury by 3 goals to nil.

In the Second Division, Chelsea added another to their list of victories by beating Gainsborough Trinity by 2 goals to nil, but the other London club in the division, Clapton Orient, could only draw with Stockport County; not a very great performance, despite the fact that the Orient were performing on foreign soil. Bristol City still head the list in this Division, with Manchester United second, and Chelsea third.

In the Southern League, Fulham head the table with twenty-four points against twenty by Tottenham Hotspur and Southampton. Plymouth Argyle run the last two clubs close with a point less, while Portsmouth and Bristol Rovers are well in the running. Last Saturday Fulham beat Bristol Rovers by 1 goal to nil, but Tottenham Hotspur went under to Plymouth Argyle by 2 goals to 1.

It was a bad day for Sheffield, for both teams, the Wednesday and the United, went under to the two Liverpool clubs, a veritable battle of the roses. Everton, playing at home, beat the Owlerton side by 2 goals to nil, and at Bramall Lane, Liverpool had 1 goal to spare in 3. Southampton were, as expected, equal to the task of beating Luton at the Dell.

By the time these lines are in print a number of clubs will have commenced their usual holiday tours. Then, once the festive season has passed, we shall have the Cup ties with us, and the really serious business of the second half of the season will have begun. However, there will be ample time for me to comment upon this at a later date, so I content myself with wishing my readers the compliments of the season.

Photo, Bowden.

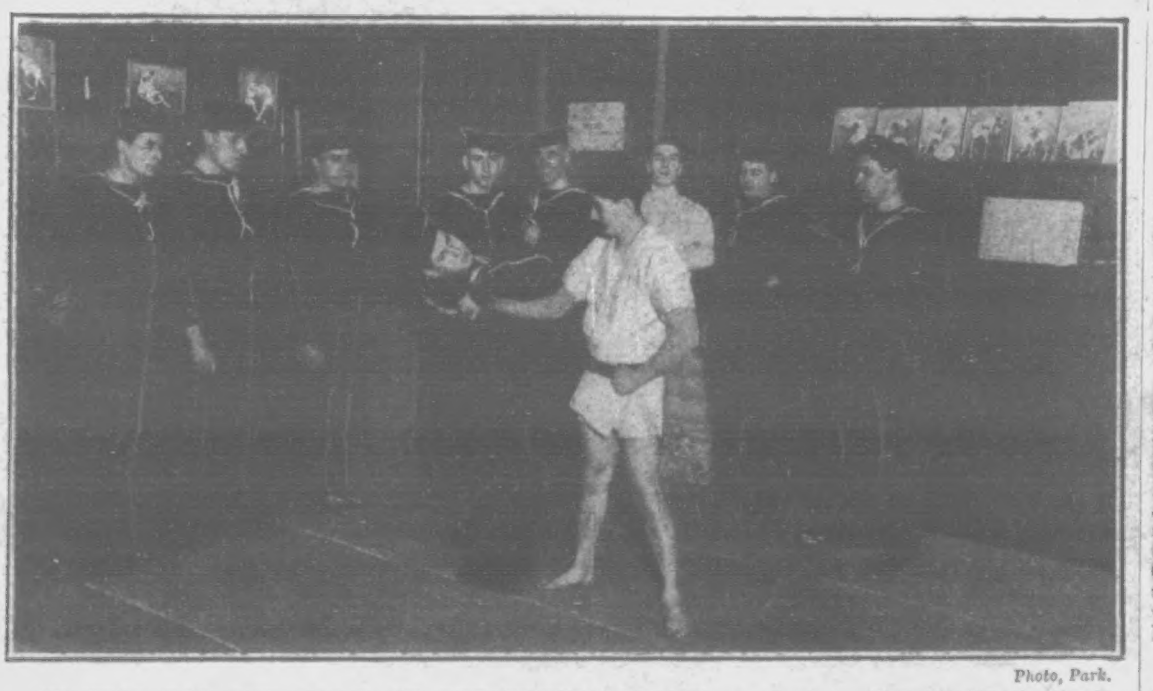
NEW ZEALAND v. WALES: The Welsh team.

Photos, Bowden.

WOOLWICH DRAW WITH MIDDLESBROUGH: 1. Williamson runs out and saves. 2. Some good passing by Middlesbrough.

Photo Illustrations Bureau.

THE "ALL BLACKS'" WATERLOO: The New Zealanders defeated by Wales by 3 points to nil. Wales crosses the line for the first time.



Photo, Park.

JU-JITSU FOR THE CREW OF THE "BUZZARD": The crew of the "Buzzard" are to be taught ju-jitsu by Prof. Uyenishi, who has also been appointed instructor to the British Army.

ATHLETICS and CYCLING.

The most interesting cross-country event last Saturday was the meeting of United Hospitals Hare and Hounds with Dublin University Harriers. Contrary to general expectation, the 'Varsity had to submit to defeat. The match took place at Blackheath, and only the first five counted. The first man home was G. C. Birt, of St. Thomas' Hospital, and he covered the course in the good time of 34 mins. 45 secs. W. H. M. May, of St. Barts', was second, and A. L. Candler, of the same hospital, third.

The race was a most enjoyable one, and Birt, who led all the way, fully deserved his win. Afterwards the Irishmen were entertained to dinner at the Criterion by their conquerors, under the presidency of Mr. J. E. Fowler-Dixon. These international contests are very pleasant, both from an athletic and a social standpoint.

The Thames Hare and Hounds held their long-distance challenge cup race over the eight miles' course at Roehampton, starting and finishing at their headquarters. Unfortunately for the complete success of the event, J. B. Rye had broken down, and was unable to take part, thereby robbing the event of much of its interest. G. Dawson had the race practically to himself in consequence, and he won in 40 mins. 20 secs. H. G. Kenyon was second.

The Ranelagh Harriers were busy in the neighbourhood of Putney with the "Page" Challenge Cup, run for over a distance of five miles. There were thirty-four starters, and A. R. Churchill made the fastest time, 27 mins. 54 secs. The winner of the handicap was G. E. Wood (4 mins. start). J. E. Nibling and G. L. Ashnall ran a dead-heat for second place.

The Blackheath Harriers' annual level race for the short-distance challenge cup (five miles) was run at Blackheath. E. F. Judson and G. C. Yorke were unable to compete, but the holder, T. C. Davis, was challenged by four members—M. P. S. White, H. W. E. Sercombe, E. R. Small, and P. Kerry. Davis ran much below his form, and in the last two miles was hopelessly out of it. White won in 33 mins.; Sercombe finished 19 secs. behind him; and Small occupied the third position. In addition to the big event the novices had a mile race in after an ordinary run, and this fell to W. Herbert.

Nineteen competitors took part in the South London Harriers' five-miles handicap at Croydon. In addition to the prizes for the first three men home, there was the Croydon Cup. The latter trophy fell to P. A. Casserley, and the places in the handicap were as follows: F. Windsor (6 mins. 45 secs. start), first; C. A. Wickham-Jones (3 mins. 30 secs.), second; A. W. Hog (3 mins.), third.

The many friends of Mr. Charles Herbert, the Hon. Secretary of the Amateur Athletic Association, will regret to learn that he had not regained consciousness when these lines were written.

On Monday the Dublin University contingent met with another defeat, the South London Harriers winning a five-miles' match at Croydon by the lesser score of 10 points to 26. Singularly enough, it was an Irishman, L. J. Manogue, who finished first for the Londoners, his time being 29 mins. 3 secs. The winners had the next three men home in G. J. Cumings, C. A. W. Jones, and J. F. Edkins. The first four for Dublin were G. N. Morphy, G. Duggan, F. Kerr, and G. Maybery.

BILLIARDS.

John Roberts appeared in the big tournament at Soho Square last week, but he had to submit to defeat from Diggle, who won by 1144—nearly as many points as the big man conceded him. Diggle has the honour of making the highest break in the tournament so far, and his 427 was equal in quality to its extent in

Photo, Bowden.

Mr. E. T. Morgan, who scored Wales' try.

quantity. Still people went primarily to see Roberts play, and it is simply wonderful what a magnetic attraction the veteran still is to the public. In some quarters it is claimed that Stevenson is better now than Roberts ever was, but the personality of "John" will never be surpassed.

Mr. Carnegie's "Bad News."

Mr. Carnegie announced at his annual dinner to his former partners and lieutenants at New York that he had a piece of bad news for them.

Piper Angus MacPherson, who had played at three previous banquets, had married a Scotch lassie, he said, and "siller" couldn't get him to New York for the reunion.

Notorious Miser Leaves a Fortune of £150,000.

Father Aeby, the most remarkable miser in Europe, has died at Berne.

When twenty-two years of age he inherited a large fortune, and from being a spendthrift became a notorious miser. He shunned society, and lived in a dilapidated house on bread and water. He never bought new clothes, and he limited his personal expenses to 1½d. a day.

He died at the age of seventy, and his body was so emaciated that it resembled a mummy.

A search of his house revealed £20,000 in gold and silver under the floor of the bedroom, and other securities found show that his estate is worth about £150,000.

All his relatives, so far as is known, died during his life, and it is expected that the State will take possession of his fortune.

THE "ALL BLACKS'" WATERLOO: Wales struggling for the ball at a critical moment.

stationmaster followed it. After going some distance the animal stopped, and the stationmaster saw the body of William Lown, eighty-six years of age, who during a fog had been knocked down and killed by an express.

Quaint Badge of Ancient Office.

The late Sir Arthur Sullivan's nephew, Mr. H. Sullivan, holds the ancient post of Deputy of Brightlingsea, which used to be attached to the Cinque Port of Sandwich. One of the largest opals in the world forms the badge of office. It is suspended from a chain of gold oyster shells and silver sprats. To this chain each year's Deputy adds a link, bearing his name and year of office.

Cupid Aided by Winter.

There is not much sentiment in a blizzard, but it is a fact which has apparently escaped most of our prophets and proverb-mongers that a hard winter may considerably increase marriage returns.

The brevity of summer courtships in general is well known. Seaside engagements are as a rule, of specially short duration, and, in spite of the poetic glamour with which the presence of the blue sea, a briny atmosphere, and possibly romantic scenery may invest them, they frequently come to naught.

There may be many reasons for this, but perhaps not the least among them is the careless, irresponsible style of conduct which the holiday season seems to induce.

In sunnier lands the period of the spirit of abandon is prolonged, or never absent, and the thermometer is a fair criterion of the ardour of the inhabitants.

Passion and fickleness, however, being almost synonymous terms, the advantages of the calmer and steadier courtships which winter wooings insure are fairly obvious.

It is true that June is the favourite bridal month, yet even this is often but a legitimate and natural result of vows, resolutions, and arrangements made in the bleak season of frost and rain.

Opportunities for the mingling of young persons of both sexes in outdoor amusements may be less during the short days than in summer, but against the charms of tennis, cycling, sea and river trips, and rambling by the shore may be set balls, parties, concerts, amateur theatricals, cards, and skating.

Against muslin dresses, flower-garden hats, and a more or less languid air we have the furs, muffs, healthy glow, and vivacious feelings inseparable from exercise in a frosty atmosphere.

Even the inclemency of weather which keeps young people occasionally within doors is sometimes an incentive to matrimony. For in many instances in which facilities for the meeting of courting couples under cover are lacking, the deprivation tends to breed a desire in the attendant swain to provide a home, wherein the business of love-making may be carried on under proper shelter.

Whether the protection afforded by the domestic roof is afterwards fully appreciated and taken advantage of in this respect, is, of course, another matter.

During the winter months the loneliness and cheerlessness of lodgings are intensified, with the result that matters hymeneal are often arranged with a special view to the avoidance of another winter being spent in the solitude of bachelor or spinster apartments.

This, no doubt, is one of the reasons for so many weddings being perpetrated in summer. The idea that "in the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love" may be poetic, but it is not always true.

If he does "lightly turn" to all outward appearance, there is often serious purpose underneath, and his apparent turning is, likely enough, the result of deep reflections indulged in during the semi-darkness of a dismal November afternoon, or to be traced to an enjoyable party the previous January.

Then, again, severity of climatic conditions sometimes hastens on a marriage for hygienic reasons, apart from mere comfort. Many a not too robust girl has been saved from chronic ill-health, if not premature death, by accepting marriage, and taking up the duties of a home, rather than submit to the hardships of another winter's exposure to the chills and draughts of an insanitary shop or workroom.

Such reasons for matrimony as these may seem prosaic enough, but that they have their place, and are not without weight in the deliberations of many eligible maidens, is beyond dispute.

The Comedian's Joke.

Mr. Harry Fragson, who is to appear in the Drury Lane pantomime, relates some interesting stories, in *M.A.P.*, of his career in France. The famous comedian has a love for practical jokes, and this got him into trouble at Marseilles. He pretended that he knew nothing of French outside his songs, and insisted upon having an interpreter. This man carried on all conversations between Fragson and the manager of the hall at which he was singing. At the end of the week, however, the manager discovered that Fragson could speak French almost as well as he, and vastly indignant he was. He never forgave the joke, and declined to have the comedian back at his hall at any price.

Photo, Bowden.

THE "ALL BLACKS" MEET THEIR "WATERLOO" AT CARDIFF: A rush and some smart play by the Colonials.

Yule by the Ingle.

Like hopes faint-faltering from the lip
The last leaves drop from off the briar,
Where now the shriveled, ashen hip
Shows once the red rose lit its fire;
But by my genial ingle glows
Her cheek—the summer's fairest rose!

The garden copse is reft of song;
No meadow choir salutes the sun;
The wan night long, the white day long,
Pale Silence keeps its orison;
But where my ingle sheds its cheer
Her voice—sweet autumn's own—I hear!

The branches writhe against a vault
With tattered vapoury streamers strewn.
Where outcast winds make mad assault,
Blurring the vespers of the moon;
But by my ingle, in her eyes,
I see spring's hyacinthine skies!

So all the year meets at the Yule,
Transmuted by Love's wonder art;
His glass, as doth a magic pool,
Make rime and bloom seem one at heart;
Yule by my ingle means for me
The crown of life's felicity!

CLINTON SCOLLARD in December *Smart Set.*

Traced by a Dog.

A dog belonging to the stationmaster at Bluestone, Norfolk, began to howl pitifully, and disappeared down the line. It was called back several times, but continued its howling and running away. At last the

Gifts for Christmas.

Those who have a difficulty in finding suitable gifts in the rush of Christmas shopping could not do better than send to Messrs. John Thridgould's, of 18 and 20, Sidney Street, Commercial Road, London, E., for the admirable shilling parcel of Christmas cards and seasonable novelties now being advertised.

Photo, Bowden.

THE "ALL BLACKS'" WATERLOO: A Welsh run stopped.

Under the Prince's Eye in India: Familiar Sights.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

INDIAN JUGGLERS: THE SNAKE-CHARMER AND THE SWORD-AND-BASKET TRICK.

The sword-and-basket trick must have been seen by many of our readers who have not been to India, for it was shown some years ago at Earl's Court. The juggler, to all appearance, places his assistant in the basket and then passes his sword through it several times. Then the basket is shown empty, and a little later the assistant is again found within. The trick is played with tedious deliberation, but time does not matter in the East.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

Depicted by a P.I.P. Special Artist, showing the trial of Mr. Hugh Watt, ex-M.P., on a charge of inciting to murder his former wife. The picture also shows the exciting fight between two lions and a lioness at Bostock's Circus in Belfast, and the escape of a tigress on board ship.

CONCERNING CURRANTS.

The little berries coming to us from Greece are invaluable as food. And yet how greatly are they neglected, or omitted from the daily dietary. A pound of currants contains over three times as much actual nourishment as the same weight of lean beef. In fact, the greatest scientific men of the day will prove the truth of the statement. There are people who think that currants are indigestible, and likely to cause disturbance in the intestines. This is a mistake. If any inconvenience has ever been caused, it is certain that the fault is not in the currants, but in the method of preparation. It is not likely that anyone in his or her senses would eat currants without chewing or chopping them. Treated in this way currants are delicious, and full of rich nourishment. They render an infinity of dishes more palatable than they otherwise would be. But the most important of all facts about them are, firstly, that they supply the body with muscle building and nerve sustaining material in a form ready for digestion and absorption—ready to go to work, so to speak. Again, the delicious balance of sugar and acid in currants makes them palatable, and palatability in food means half, if not more, of its value. All the currants sent to this country are seedless and without stalks, so that they may be eaten raw or cooked with safety and advantage. Properly prepared, currants are of the greatest value as food for children, and those who must live on a "diet," because the fruit gives the full nourishment required by the body without putting any tax on the organs of digestion. Currants should really be eaten every day. There is a maxim, "An apple a day, no doctor to pay." Currants contain all the beneficial elements of the apple, but in greater proportion. In Greece they appear on the table at every meal, and the men and women of Greece are noted for their health, hardihood and long life. The following is a tasty and inexpensive recipe:

Rock Cakes.

½-lb. Butter.	½-lb. Currants.
½ Teaspoonful Baking Powder.	2-oz. Moist Sugar.
½-lb. Flour.	1 Egg (optional).
	½-gill Milk.

Put the butter into a basin with the baking powder. Beat the butter till it is quite in a cream, and work in gradually the flour. Add the currants, the sugar, the mixed peel (finely cut), and the rind of a lemon (grated). Beat the egg (if one be used), and mix with the milk; and stir these into the mixture very stiffly; place an inch and a half apart on a floured baking sheet in little knobs about the size of a walnut, and bake in a brisk oven.

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THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Should Women Flirt?

THERE is an old adage which teaches that pitch must at all costs be avoided if we wish to keep clean fingers.

Now, we do not say that flirting is quite so inconvenient in its effects as pitch, except, perhaps, in occasional instances, but we do say that flirting is a rock upon which many a good matrimonial craft has been wrecked beyond redemption.

The moment a girl comes to regard flirting as "good fun," she is undoubtedly treading upon dangerous ground; and this because she is playing fast and loose with two or more men, all of whom are probably more or less in love with her, and with more than one of whom it is manifestly impossible that she can contract matrimony.

We will suppose that there is a favoured one—favoured, that is, in her own mind, for she is careful to give no undue outward encouragement even to him. Rather does she seek to torment and worry the unfortunate fellow by a wild "carrying-on" with Nos. 2, 3, and 4, till he is reduced almost to the verge of despair.

But men are differently natured. Some take the thing calmly, relying upon time to shake the matter right.

Some, seized in the grip of the green-eyed monster, once, twice, perhaps, even a third time, remonstrate with the fair offender. No satisfactory result following, they retire in high dudgeon, leaving the field to their rivals.

Then there are others, who, taking the matter sadly as well as seriously, cultivate a feeling of deep melancholy, which, as they grow older, develops into a hatred of the other sex.

These are the men who become confirmed bachelors, men who are the despair of women of all ages.

Is there any advantageous reason why girls should thus not only inflict misery upon those who, presumably are sincere in their attachment, but bring into their own lives a decided element of risky uncertainty?

No, there is not, for the very principle upon which it is done will not avowedly hold water.

This principle is neither more nor less than a creation of jealousy in order to draw the desired No. 1 the closer, and the more readily to clench the bonds between them.

Unfortunately for the success of her scheme, the average woman who indulges in the game of flirtation oversteps the mark. The consequence of this is a quarrel, which leads to a complete severance of all connections.

Fortunately for man, however, the majority of women are not only too sensible, but too mindful of their own interests to tamper with their future. Also, they are too womanly, too imbued with the mother instinct, to trifle with the love of a good man.

Flirting, to a woman of this type, is as abhorrent as it is to the man who is in earnest in his love-making.

It might even be said that flirting is a reproach upon love, is, indeed, antagonistic to it. The term "innocent flirtation" is upon the lips of certain people.

Now, "innocent flirtation" has not any actual existence, inasmuch as flirtation in any sense is, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, designed and pursued in a spirit and with a motive diametrically opposed to innocence, truth, and right feeling.

If it is done to merely pass the time, as the saying is, it is equally as objectionable, for that which has no foundation in love and respect must necessarily be unstable, not dependable, and certainly of little or no value.

Photo, Johnston & Hoffman.

MISS RHODA RAY, as Princess Marocca in "Dick Whittington" at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith.

Photo, Bolak.

MISS MARIAN WINCHESTER, the beautiful American known as "The Sugar Queen," who is coming to play at the Gaiety.

Photo, Charles & Russell.

MISS RACHEL LOWE and her duck "Hoppy," playing in "Humpty Dumpty," Theatre Royal, Nottingham.

Pudding Cloths.

IMMEDIATELY pudding cloths have been used scald them, wash them thoroughly, using soda but no soap, and hang them up to dry. Let them air well before they are put away, or they will have a nasty odour when next used.

Mincemeat

SHOULD be made from this simple recipe: Half a pound of finely chopped suet, half a pound of raisins (weighed after being stoned and chopped), half a pound of currants, one pound of chopped apples, three-quarters of a pound of mixed candied fruit finely chopped, three-quarters of a pound of brown sugar, spice to taste. Mix all the ingredients thoroughly together, place them in a jar, and then add two wineglassfuls of brandy. If the mincemeat is to be kept long, more brandy must be added.

For Rich Plum Pudding.

TAKE half a pound of beef suet, quarter of a pound of flour, quarter of a pound of bread crumbs, half a pound of stoned raisins, half a pound of currants, and two pieces of candied peel. Mix these ingredients with three well-beaten eggs, into which two wineglassfuls of brandy have been stirred. Boil for ten hours without once allowing the water to go off the boil. Hang up in a dry, airy place till required.

How to Choose a Goose.

WHEN buying a goose, and you wish to choose a young one, see that the skin is white, the breast plump, and the apron covered with fat. The feet and bill of a young bird are of a yellow colour, and there should be few hairs on the thighs. As the bird grows older the bill and fat become redder, and the body hairy.

Respecting Christmas Puddings,

WHICH in every well-regulated household are made and boiled for ten hours early in December, I want to give a few hints as to the boiling, which is so often allowed to ruin good ingredients. Put on the stove a large pot three-parts full of hot water as early in the morning as you can. When it boils fast drop in one pudding; let the water boil up again at a gallop before adding each pudding. Keep a large kettle of boiling water by the pan, so as to fill up the pot as the water boils away, and never let the water go off the boil; for the pudding must boil for eight hours at least. A good cook makes and mixes her puddings one day, and arranges so that she does not have to use her stove much next day, so that all efforts may be devoted to the event of the moment.

Clear Game Soup.

TAKE any kind of game or poultry bones, either cooked or fresh, but the fresh are best when possible. Cook these with two ounces of butter, and a couple of onions. Cut up finely a large carrot, a stick of celery, and a bunch of sweet herbs, two or three mushrooms, add salt and pepper. Place the cover on the sauce-pan containing these ingredients, and fry the contents for half an hour, taking the greatest care that they do not burn. Then cover with stock, let it come to the boil, skim very thoroughly, and simmer for three hours. Strain off, and when cold, remove all fat, and clarify the stock later with raw meat or rabbit and white of an egg. Serve with little strips of any cold game and the chopped tops of celery. If necessary, colour the soup with a few drops of browning before serving.

Christmas Gifts.

IT is safe to say that where a Christmas offering cannot take an expensive form, some gift the handiwork of the giver is infinitely more appreciated than any purchase of similar value from the shops. The pieces of silk or satin or lace which every girl possesses will make an imposing pincushion than which, when tastefully wrought by clever fingers and well stocked by pins, I know no more acceptable present. Those with artistic talents can do still more charming things in hand-painting or wood-carving.

To Decorate a Table for Christmas.

FIRST lay on the spotlessly clean cloth bands of scarlet ribbon or paper from corner to corner, crossing in the centre. Let the ends hang down at each corner in a knot. At intervals down this band arrange bunches of holly and mistletoe, and between the bands curve a wreath of ivy, fern, or smilax. In the centre of the table have some kind of high vase, with white or scarlet flowers.

To Cure Sore Throats.

PUT a teaspoonful of powdered borax into one tablespoonful of honey. Dissolve over heat. When cool, apply it repeatedly with a camel's-hair brush to the throat and roof of the mouth. This will soon effect a cure and allow the patient to swallow comfortably.

P. I. P. PLAYGOER.

Mr. Tree is busy rehearsing Mr. Stephen Phillips's poetic drama "Nero," which will be produced at His Majesty's Theatre some time

Photo, Campbell-Gray.

Topsy, who is scoring a great success in a negro dance at the Palace Theatre.

in January. The play is divided into a prologue and three acts. One of the two spectacular scenes will be a setting of a Roman feast in the Palace of the Cæsars, during which the young Britannicus, the rightful heir to the throne, is done to death. The other spectacle, with which the play will end, will be the burning of Rome, with Nero, from the roof of his palace, looking down upon the spreading sea of fire.

Mr. Phillips's play is essentially a play of action, full of incident and colour, and every effort and appliance that modern science can suggest will be used to produce the effects of the sea of flames and scene of destruction and terror upon which Nero gazes.

The cast, in addition to Mr. Tree as Nero, will include Mrs. Tree as Agrippina. Miss Constance Collier will appear as Poppœa, and Mr. Lyn Harding as the Commander of Nero's Army. Mr. C. W. Somerset will play the part of a crafty Roman diplomat, and Miss Dorothea Baird will be Actæa, a Greek slave, the embodiment in the play of Christianity.

Miss Marian Winchester, who enjoys the reputation of being the most beautiful woman in Europe, has arrived in London with an enormous jewel-case and innumerable dress-baskets, to take up an engagement at the Gaiety Theatre. Twelve months ago, when she last visited London, a lucky deal in sugar had just won her £20,000 and the title of the "Sugar Queen," and her jewels and her wonderful dresses have been the talk of Paris for three seasons. Her return to the Gaiety is the fulfilment of a long-promised visit, and on Saturday night her many admirers will see the beautiful dancer—who, by the way, has developed a fine voice—and her magnificent jewels, in the cast of "The Spring Chicken."

Photo, Hana.

MISS LULU EVANS, who is to play the principal girl in pantomime at the Grand Theatre, Nottingham.

In consequence of the very great demand for seats to see "The Mountain Climber" and "The Little Father of the Wilderness" at the Comedy Theatre, the management have decided to play an additional matinée on the Wednesday of every week henceforth, the first of which was given on Wednesday last, at 2.30.

"Public Opinion," Mr. R. C. Carton's delightfully amusing play, is still drawing large audiences to Wyndham's Theatre. The cast includes Messrs. Fred Kerr, George Giddens, Henry Kemble, and Miss Annie Hughes.

"A Message from Mars," a play that might well be termed a sermon against selfishness, is being played by an excellent company at the Grand Theatre, Croydon, this week. On Boxing Day, at this popular suburban theatre, "The Little Michus" will be produced.

At Bloomsbury Hall last week the English Dramatic Society gave a truly artistic performance of the old morality play entitled "The Interlude of Youth."

This poetic old stage-sermon was first printed in 1554, and of this edition only three copies remain. The story has the usual mediæval simplicity and directness, and deals with the efforts of Charity, who comes, be-winged, to plead with Youth to turn from his friends Riot and Pride, who have brought him under the charms of Lady Luxury. The company arriving, Charity is tied to a whipping-post—as acted, to the altar rails—and left with jest and drunken song. Thus she is found by her sister Humility, who, unfastening the bonds, adds her entreaties to those of Charity, with the result that, in the midst of his friends, Youth repents of his folly with the quaint words: "Here all sin I forsake, And to God I me betake. Good Lord, I pray Thee have no indignation That I, a sinner, should ask salvation."

Mr. J. M. Glover, the popular musical director of Drury Lane Theatre, has been lamenting in a recent interview the dearth of really good songs for pantomime use this year.

Possibly Mr. Glover may not have come across Cecil Lidden's new song "Buttercups and Daisies," which is so charmingly sung by Miss Winifred Hare. No better compliment to the attractive qualities of "Buttercups and Daisies" can be shown than the fact that, although only quite recently published in "Pearson's 6d. Music," it will be a feature at many of the most important provincial and suburban pantomimes. It will be heard at Christmas time at Liverpool, Birmingham, Sheffield, Hull, Sunderland, Gateshead, Bath, as well as at the Grand, Fulham. Producers of Christmas pantomimes who have still time to add an attractive item to their entertainment should at once make themselves acquainted with this delightful song.

A successful revival of "Merrie England," as performed at the Savoy, was given at Terry's Theatre last Friday and Saturday by a very clever company of amateurs under the direction of Mrs. Philip Walter Parry. The performances, which were for the benefit of the Coal Trade Benevolent Association, were well patronised and enthusiastically received. It is seldom one finds such an excellent cast in amateur circles, for all round the opera was thoroughly well done, and the piece was beautifully dressed. Mrs. Parry took the part of Bessie Throckmorton, and rendered her solos with pleasing effect despite a bad cold. In Miss Louie Pound's original part of Jill-all-alone, Miss Winifred Siddons scored quite a hit, looking, singing, and acting the part to perfection. A regal Queen was Miss Bertha Liebman, whose solo, "O Peaceful England," was charmingly sung; and as the May Queen Miss Madge Simpson looked the part. Mr. Harold Payne in voice and appearance scored as Sir Walter Ralcigh, and Mr. Herbert L. Farmer as the Earl of Essex acted with quite a professional air, and gave a particularly good rendering of that fine song, "The Yeomen of England." Mr Arthur C. Chapman scored in Mr. Walter Passmore's part of Walter Wilkins, and showed ability which need not of necessity be confined to amateur productions. The chorus not only sung well, but looked attractive, and in movements showed they had been well trained. The revival reflects credit on Mr. Harold Payne, the producer, and Mr. Sidney Payne, the conductor, both well known among amateurs.

Tuesday, January 16th, has been chosen as the date upon which Mr. Cyril Maude will commence his season under the management of the Messrs. Shubert at the Waldorf Theatre. Mr. Maude and Miss Winifred Emery will be seen in a new comedy by Sidney Bowkett, for which a title has yet to be found, and which will be preceded by a new first piece, entitled "The Particular Pet." Owing to the foregoing arrangement the Messrs. Shubert have to announce that "Lights Out" will be played for the last time on Saturday evening, January 13th. The management very much regrets the necessity for this withdrawal, as the great success of "Lights Out" both at present and in prospect rendered certain a long and highly prosperous career.

Photo, Hana.

Miss Sophie Harriss, principal boy, Grand Theatre, Nottingham.

The opinion of the average critic, says Ffrangcon-Davies, the Welsh singer, in a book called "The Singing of the Future," is that singers as a class are not overburdened with brains. The writer, in reply to this, gives it as his own opinion that singers have as much brains as other people, only they do not use them.

His book contains an insistence on the paramount need of intelligence in the singer and a will to rise above the limitations and the vanities that an indulgent and uncritical public have fostered. The ambition of every singer ought to be, he thinks, a full-rounded development, mentally as well as vocally, so as to enable him to run the whole gamut of emotional expression and not be content with a limited *métier;* and he should not content himself with the beguilement of an audience with lovely and sensuous tone when that power happens to be within his natural gifts; nor overawe with physical prowess to the detriment of linguistic purity. Such faults, observable in many modern singers, would not exist if singers, emulative of such men as Sims Reeves and Jean de Reszke, to name two notable exceptions, used their brains to effect a well-rounded and cultured development.

Photo, Boyer.

MR. HARRY FRAGSON: the new Drury Lane star. He is to play a leading part in the pantomime "Cinderella"

MDLLE. MARTHE, a French music-hall star who had the tip of her nose sliced off by a jealous lover who has been sent to prison for six months.

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The Storing of Fruit.

It is to be feared that this season the where and how to store late fruit will not prove to be much of a problem, says a writer in the *Market Gardener*. Still, in the worst of seasons, there are usually a few favoured places in which a fair sprinkling of fruit can be found. The tendency has been during recent years to adopt the plan of clearing the fruit straight from the trees to the market as fast as possible. In the case of many semi-early or mid-season sorts of apples, in which there will generally be a considerable amount of waste, this is undoubtedly, under present conditions, the wisest plan that the grower can pursue. When, however, we see, as we sometimes do, good examples of Wellingtons, Lane's Prince Albert, Ribstone Pippin, Cockle Pippin, Blenheim Orange, Cox's Orange Pippin, etc., rushed on to the market long before, in the nature of things, they can be really fit for use, then we question greatly the common sense of the consignors. The sending of dessert apples on to the market a long time before they are fit for table is an error that does damage in more ways than one. The grower himself gets less than he would do if proper storage had been given. This, probably, serves him right, as it is only the due reward of his laxity. But what we are more concerned at is the fact that, in the public fancy, apples of repute suffer. No one hearing a popular apple praised, and purchasing these unripe specimens, but would be likely either to disbelieve the good report, or be disinclined to buy the variety again, and in this way the careful storer is made to suffer indirectly, just because the first-named would not take a little trouble. The best place to store apples is in a building excavated to half its depth, where possible in the rock or chalk—a place that is dry but not drying, and in which an even low temperature can be maintained without any artificial means whatever. Fruit is often put into lofts upon dry wooden floors. This is about as bad a place for apples as can be selected. In such a position they are bound to shrivel, and lose both quality and weight. Elaborate shelves are not needed for the keeping of fruit for commercial purposes. The fruit trays now coming so largely into use are the best, and, in the end, the cheapest possible receptacles in which to store high-grade apples until fit for market. Any quantity of fruit can be stored in these trays, and they may be built up one on the other to a great height. We do hope to see more care taken in this matter in the future. No imperfect or damaged fruit should be stored, but only first and second grade perfect fruit. It will not pay to store anything else, and, in some instances, only first-grade should be stored. As a rule, if the work is done without super vision the men will put all by if they put any, and then, of course, it is found that it does not pay to store apples.

Photo, Bowden.

A racing match between Mrs. Aggio and Mr. Wyatt, of Reigate, for £100 a side. Won by Mrs. Aggio.

Photo, Photo Press.

SALE OF THE KING'S FAT STOCK: Two of the animals from the Windsor Royal Farms sold by auction at Slough last week.

Photo, Bowden.

SALE OF THE KING'S FAT STOCK: A general view of the sale at Slough last week.

Photo, Underwood.

PAGHEERA BATHES.—A Bengal tiger enjoying a dip.

Smaller Sheep Farms.

It is common knowledge that the Marquis of Breadalbane had decided to break up a number of the extensive sheep farms on his estates into holdings of dimensions suitable to tenants of more slender means. This departure was resolved upon because of the difficulty of re-letting the large farms, the sheep on which had been taken over by the incoming tenant at the exorbitant valuations now in vogue in Scotland. Probably the expedient alluded to will entail more trouble and the sinking of more capital in the erection of houses and homesteads than has previously been required, but if it ensures the easier letting of the land the landlord will not be without his reward. Then, again, it is reasonably calculated that the provision of comparatively small holdings will facilitate and promote the return of the people to the land, a result in every sense worthy of striving after. One of the chief causes of depopulation in the hill-farming districts of Scotland has been the merging of many small farms into one large holding, and the fact that a reversion to the old form of land-letting is being resorted to warrants the expectation that the process will have the beneficial effect, not only of checking the migration of people from the land to the urban districts, but also of attracting new settlers in the sparsely-populated districts. The progress that is being made in the development of Lord Breadalbane's scheme seems to justify confident anticipations regarding its success. It is obvious that the development of the project can only proceed at a slow pace, and we learn that one of the difficulties that have to be contended with at this early stage is a superfluity of applications, a circumstance which clearly shows the willingness of people to return to the land if only there were reasonable prospects of earning a living.

The Farmer's Fertiliser Alphabet.

A's for Ammonia, active and strong.
B stands for Bones that last very long.
C may be Chemistry, useful as guide.
D for the Dressing that must be applied.
E's the effect produced in the soil
F the poor Farmer, who ever must toil.
G is for Germ, a mystery quite.
H stands for Humus, the home of the mite.
I's for Inoculate—latest idea.
J's for Just think of it—isn't it queer?
K is for Kainit, by most crops desired
L is for Lime, in all soils required
M's for Magnesia, it's good for red clover.
N is for Nitrate used all the world over.
O's for Organic, derived from live tissue.
P stands for Phosphate, the crops would all miss you.
Q is the Question of what to apply.
R for famed Rothamsted, teacher of "why."
S is for Super, much used by the grower
T's for Tribasic, whose action is slower.
U for the Units we buy in manure.
V for the Voelcker, whose name will endure.
W's for the Wheat crop, diminishing ever.
X the 'Xpenses, its growth repays never.
Y is the Yield, may it ever be great.
Z for the Zanny who's not up-to-date.

—*Mark Lane Express.*

Photo, Adcance.

A Cygnet for the King's Table: Mr. T. R. Abnett, the King's swan keeper, and a 26lb. cygnet, which is being fattened for the King at East Molesey.

OUR THRILLING SERIAL STORY.

The Mysterious Millionaire.

BY SIDNEY DREW.

THE WATCHER OF THE ARMY.

He laughed softly, and his face cleared. He turned and went back to the camp.

"Leckburn," he said, "I want you."

"I'm at your service," answered his lordship, "and game for anything."

"I want you to look after these lads."

"And where are you going, old chap?"

"To watch the mysterious army," drawled Graydon Garth. "I shall not be long away. Keep a bright look out. Muldoon ought not to be far away if he received my message. Take King's advice, if you need advice. I shall travel fast."

He began to saddle his horse lazily, and then whispered to Sarad. The jaguar rose as if to follow, but sank down again at a word. Then he rode away to the north alone, and they watched him until he vanished into one of the dips of the plain.

"Where's he off to?" asked Kit.

"To watch the army," said Leckburn; "at least, that is what he told me."

"It's big enough to take a bit of watching," put in Pete, as he kicked the fire together.

Horse and rider rose into sight for an instant, and Graydon Garth waved his hat. The fresh grass was almost brushing his ankles as he cantered northwards. It was late afternoon, and, though the sun was still well up, the moon was visible, as it often is. He had eaten nothing since dawn, and he munched a hard biscuit and took a drink of luke-warm water from his flask.

He passed a deserted, silent kraal. A few fowls were pecking and scratching round it, but its inhabitants had fled before the advancing multitudes. His steel-grey eyes swept the plain. A valley opened at his feet, and there, seven or eight miles away, lay the brown tents of the nameless hordes of Kanarphes, with ten thousand banners fluttering above them.

The encampment stretched downwards to the edge of a shining lake, and upwards over a long stretch of rising ground, vanishing over the hill and again rising and vanishing again over two other ridges. Garth slipped from his horse and led it back into shelter, for eyes as keen as his own might be watching.

Slowly and cautiously he peered about him, examining every patch of scrub and grass, and every cluster of stones that might hide a foe. He whistled, and the horse rolled over on its side and lay still.

A figure suddenly appeared in the valley, and then a springbok leapt up. A rifle cracked, and then the bok fell to its knees as if badly hit. Then it bounded up once more and ran for the hill.

"Black powder," muttered the millionaire, noticing the smoke of the shot.

The figure in the white jibbch started in pursuit. His skilled eye had told him that the springbok would not travel far before loss of blood would bring it down. Graydon Garth could have touched the animal with his outstretched hand, it passed so close. It did not see him, but he could not hope to avoid the hunter, who was hastening towards him.

The millionaire waited, lying flat upon the ground. The man's head and shoulders appeared above the hill.

Graydon Garth rose to his feet, face to face with the astonished hunter. For several seconds they stood motionless. The millionaire's eyes slowly blazed into flame. The man reeled and caught at his throat, and his rifle fell to the ground.

Garth went nearer, his head bent, all his strange mesmeric power concentrated in his eyes. He held the man paralysed and helpless.

"What is your name?" he asked, in the harsh, unmusical patois spoken by the tribes who live among the Umgado swamps. "Tell me your name."

"I am called Valor-wan, the hunter, son of Mantess-uan, slayer of the crocodiles."

The dusky giant spoke in a dreamy, lifeless way. The pupils of his black eyes were contracted almost to points.

"Valor-wan is a good hunter," drawled Graydon Garth; "but why does he leave the deer to hunt men?"

"In the great tent, you say?" he drawled. "And who guards Kanarphes, the man who cannot die?"

The man answered like a child reading from a book, and stumbling over his words.

"The guards of the sacred eye, all sons of the priests. Night and day they watch him, and none dare pass without his word."

"Curious," drawled Graydon Garth, blowing blue rings of smoke into the calm air, "If he cannot die it seems strange that they should take so many precautions to see that no one bores a hole in his skin. Well, Valor-wan, my dusky friend, what is the sacred talisman Kanarphes holds?"

The man shuddered.

"I know not; I am but a poor hunter, and I was but a lad of twelve when he came among our people. But he held the talisman that it is death for anyone save one of Vor's sacred priests to look upon. And from the time of his coming, chief, we were a changed people. The sky shone like blood in the night with furnace fires. He has taught us wonders and mysteries, and our smiths and cunning craftsmen are ever toiling, and our miners are ever digging for the treasures of metal and the black stones that burn."

"Tell me more, Valor-wan."

"When I was a child," went on the hunter, in the same listless way, "we knew no wars. The great swamps kept us safe from foes, for none could cross them. But he has made warriors of us, for every lad of sixteen years was taught to use the strange thunder weapons. And ere his coming the fever of the swamps, and sometimes famine and pestilence, killed us like flies. He has drawn away the water in mighty dykes, and made mud-beds into fertile fields. Some day he came, fifty summers ago, and vanished again. But we die no more of fevers or famine, for Kanarphes has wrought his wonders, and in number we are like unto the sandgrains of the desert."

Garth stroked the velvety muzzle of his patient horse. He was learning strange things. Constantine of Riga was to lead the hordes of Vor against Cairo. The duke was a clever soldier, and he would not blunder. And Kanarphes was alive, and du Barry was still with him.

"It was worth a stroll," he thought, "to discover this."

He yawned and blinked lazily at the sinking sun through his half-closed eyes. Then he glanced at the man who, for the time being, was the slave of his will. A faint hum rose from the encamped army.

The millionaire laughed as he took up one of the hunter's cartridges. He remembered the dense smoke of the shot that had wounded the springbok. He cut the cartridge open. He was not mistaken, for he poured out a little pile of coarse black gunpowder out of the case into his palm.

"Valor-wan," he drawled; "I must rob you of your white coat and the band you wear round your forehead. Sleep here until I call you, or until I bid you awake."

GRAYDON GARTH WALKS INTO THE LION'S DEN AND SEES ITS WONDERS.

The murmur of the great camp trembled in the evening air. Asvogels, vultures, and other loathsome birds of carrion watched the multitude greedily as they hung poised in the darkening sky. They knew they would find food in plenty in the wake of the Mysterious Army, and they had ere long their fill. And so the red sun slid down lower and lower, and the restless murmur—the mingled hum of human voices, whinnying horses, and bellowing cattle increased.

Fires began to shine out among the tents. With his chin resting on his hand, Graydon Garth watched silently. There was plenty of work for his restless brain. He stood alone now, matching his cunning against Kanarphes and his hordes. The blindness of the authorities, their refusal to take his advice, their refusal to aid him with funds in his pressing need, embittered him.

Every hope of immediate action was gone. He was certain, unless he had failed to obtain the cigarette-case, that Muldoon would come. Even his vessel, unarmed as it was, would be of little avail. He bit his lips as he saw fire after fire spring up. Valor-wan, the hunter, never stirred.

Graydon Garth was measuring his chances. A wild, mad scheme had come into his mind. The very folly and rashness of it appealed to the man of iron, and its utter impossibility made him long to attempt it.

He would kidnap Kanarphes, as the Egyptian had kidnapped him.

"Valor-wan, my hunter," he drawled, "what is the password that will take me through the pickets?"

"Shiroya zaron aphtes Vor."

"Good," muttered Graydon Garth. "Shiroya zaron aphtes Vor—Vor, the destroyer, reigns eternally. Thank you, my hunter. I am not quite your build, but the night will be dark."

He cut open a few cartridges. With a few drops of water and his knife he mixed the gunpowder into a paste and blackened his legs, arms, and face. The hunter rose at a harsh command, and helped to darken his neck and ears. Then he donned the bracelets and passed the silver band across his forehead. The blouse hung loosely upon him, for Valor-wan was a man of huge frame.

"I go to the camp," drawled Graydon Garth; "wait here, hunter, until I return or call you."

He patted the horse and examined his revolver. The fires flashed out more brightly in the deepening gloom.

"I feel something like a hare running straight into the greyhound's jaws," he muttered, with a soft laugh. "It is nothing to enter the camp, if I am careful, but to reach Kanarphes—Bah! luck will decide."

Rifle on shoulder, he strode away. There was no dew, but the coarse grass brushed the gunpowder from his naked legs. Once or twice he paused to rectify this with the paste he carried in his cigarette-case.

"Uagna?" growled a deep, harsh voice.

A sentry stood before him demanding the password.

"Shiroya zaron aphtes Vor," cried Graydon Garth.

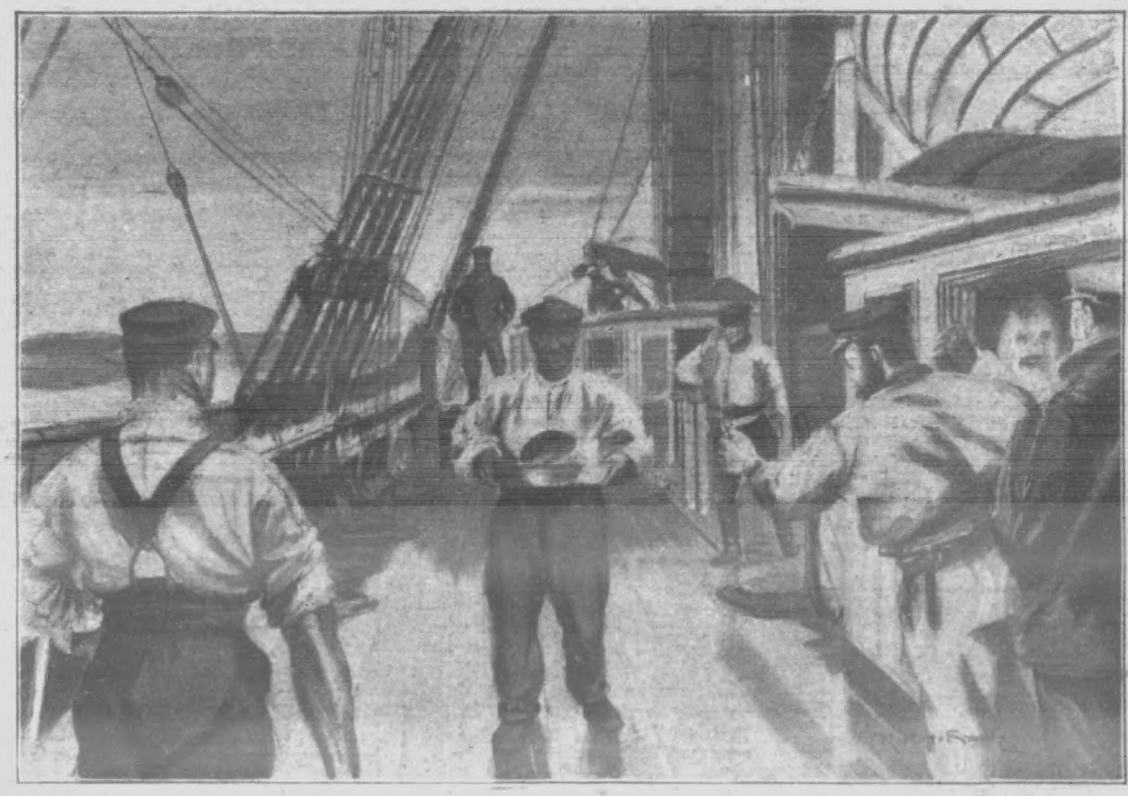
The man turned on his heel with a grunt and resumed his pacings. The millionaire went on.

"Uagna?" ("Who passes?")

"Pest," muttered the millionaire, as he gave the countersign. "They seem well sentinelled. What use all this is I fail to see, unless Kanarphes makes it a mere matter of discipline, as I have seen them mount guard over a village pump that had been dry for twenty years."

He entered the mighty camp unmolested, avoiding the light of the countless fires. The round mat tents were pitched in squares of a hundred or a hundred and fifty. A stream ran sluggishly slantwise through the camp, affording ample water. The earth had been pounded as hard as granite by the myriad footsteps of the great army.

(*Continued on Page 415.*)



CHRISTMAS DAY ON A SAILING VESSEL AT SEA: A pudding for the fo'castle.

Photo, Clements.

A SNOW PICTURE: Curious effect of snow upon acacia trees.

Photo, Park.

London Fire Hero: William Charles Cook, who was highly commended for rescuing three children from a fire in Paddington.

THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS.

A very merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year to all my readers. Many of them are very old friends of the *P.I.P.*, having taken the paper continuously for ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty years, and even longer. Many thousands have very recently swelled the ranks. I hope that we shall continue friends for very many years to come, and that thirty years hence I shall still be wishing you all the compliments of the season at this time of the year. The *Penny Illustrated Paper* follows the flag wherever the British tongue is spoken. I do not think that any other paper in the world can boast of such a loyal and devoted band of readers, and I take this

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Ink "Pots."

opportunity of thanking you from the bottom of my heart for the support which you have given us during the past year. And with your kind help and assistance we are going to break all records in 1906! Here's luck!

The efficiency of the Navy is a subject which comes right home to every one of us, because our bread and butter depends absolutely upon the power of the Navy to keep us immune from the attacks of hostile Powers. But in one or two matters the authorities appear to me to be going a little too far. They seem anxious to introduce into the Navy the same sort of snobbery which has wrought such havoc amongst the officers and men of the sister service.

An order recently issued states that commanding officers are to see that seamen, when speaking to a petty officer, will give him his official title. There are to be no more references to "matey"; henceforth he must be addressed as "Petty Officer Jones," and offenders against this drastic law are to be severely punished. Furthermore, no petty officer will be allowed to associate with a man of lower rating, as such conduct is now thought to be detrimental to good order and naval discipline.

Now the second-class petty officers and leading seamen live together in the same mess, and until the petty officers are berthed apart, as the first-class petty officers are, I do not see how it will be possible for them not to associate with the lower ratings. Besides, I cannot for the life of me see why they should not continue to do so.

There has been many a good leader who has never been known by ought but the nick-name which his subordinates have given him. In fact, it might almost be said that every leader who was worth his salt has sooner or later had a nick-name found for him.

Wouldn't you rather be a "Bobs," or a "Dizzy," or a "Pushful Joe," than plain Mr. Brown, Jones, or Robinson?

If a petty officer cannot command the respect of the men from whose ranks he has risen, and cannot enforce discipline amongst them by force of example and strength of character, whether they call him by his Christian name or a nick-name, or anything else, then he is not fit to be a petty officer. He should be returned to the ranks again, in order that another and a better man may take the place which he has proved himself unworthy to hold.

It is a strange coincidence that, since I wrote the above paragraphs, I have had a letter from Mr. Allen D. Bailey, of Montgomerie Street, Ardrossan, who has very strong views on the subject of nick-names and Christian names. He addresses me as "Dear sir (or madam)," and says:—"We all known that 'Marion' is a female 'Christian' name, yet, when an author (male), who is named Francis Marion Crawford, does away with his first name, and goes by 'Marion Crawford,' the 'literary' gang think every one should know it stands for a man, whether they know all the author's names in Great Britain off by heart or not."

Mr. Bailey continues:—"Likewise the absurd term 'ashes,' in connection with the Australian Cricket Club's visit! What on earth *does* that

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absurd fad mean? No one can tell me. Someone got it up (like the words 'voiced,' 'objective,' 'venue,' 'clientèle,' 'well-groomed,' etc.), and the public follow like a flock of sheep. Likewise the play of *Little Mary*, in which Barrie (the author, another faddist) calls the stomach 'Little Mary'; then all the public must do the same."

"Every one (or the majority of people) knows that James (Jim), Robert (Bob), Thomas (Tom), are *male* Christian names; like Margaret (Maggie), Elizabeth (Bessie), and Catharine (Kate), for females. But what does your own one stand for, 'Valentia'? This is one of the 'fad' kind; and how can a reader tell the *sex* from a 'Christian' (so-called) name like that? As well say 'Killarney,' or 'Timbuctoo.'"

I am very sorry, Mr. Bailey, but I was really so young at the time of my christening that I was unable to utter an effective protest, a fact which, I can assure you, I bitterly regretted during my school days. Valentia is really a surname, and I was named after my god-father's father. And I am of the male gender.

The list of salaries attached to the different offices of members of the Cabinet, which was published last week, has attracted a great deal of

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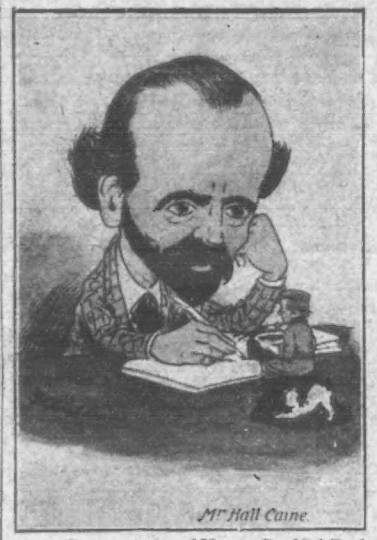

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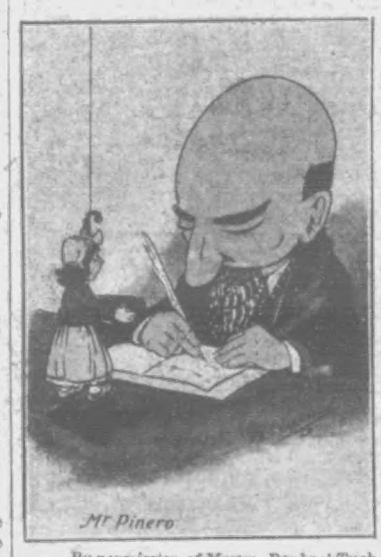
interest. But those who think that the position of a Cabinet Minister, with a four-figure salary, is a bed of roses, would do well to read the following paragraph, which I quote from a recent issue of the *Evening News*, because it throws light upon a side of an active politician's life which few members of the general public ever consider.

Here is a story of the new Prime Minister: "Once the friends who rally round him to-day grumbled at him for taking office. Sir Henry was almost warm in his answer. 'Let me entreat you,' he said sharply, 'not to imagine that I gained anything by joining the Government. What I gained by it was that last year I had no holiday. I spent from ten in the morning till two the next morning at close intellectual labour, with seldom any dinner hour; and on Saturdays I worked from ten till half-past six—no Saturday holiday for me. If I had consulted my own pleasure I should never have joined the Government.'"

A similar story is told of the great Lord Palmerston: "'You must take more rest; you must sit down,' said Sir James Paget on finding Palmerston toiling away at a high desk. The veteran statesman replied that he had accustomed himself thus to labour. He had been so overworked, he said, that he used to fall asleep while writing at a table; therefore he took to standing. 'If I fall down that wakes me,' was his cheerful comment."

I wish someone could start a craze that would revive the lost art of walking. Nobody seems to walk at all nowadays. It is important that those of us who lead sedentary lives should take exercise; but it is no less important that those of us who live chiefly by manual labour should do likewise. The man who uses one set, or one group of sets, of muscles all day long will inevitably become deformed, unless he corrects the tendency. If he is to retain or to achieve symmetry he must take just as much exercise as the man who does not use his muscles at all; but, of course, it must be of a different kind. There is the value of the open-air and other gymnasiums. And there is the value of the walk—for, in walking, as in no other form of exercise, except perhaps swimming, is the whole body properly exercised.

I should like to draw the attention of my readers to the new competition which has started in *Pearson's Weekly*. The prize-money offered is no less than £5,000—the greatest sum that has ever been offered by any paper. The first prize is £3,525; and further prizes of £1,475 make up the huge total I have mentioned. The competition is extremely simple, and I should strongly advise my readers to enter for this handsome prize. Full particulars and conditions will be found in this week's *Pearson's Weekly*.



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I have to thank a very large number of my readers this week for the kind way in which they have replied to my appeal for post-cards stating their views of the different features in the paper. I hope they will all write again at intervals throughout the year. An Editor is only human, and he is just as eager for a little praise or friendly criticism as any other mortal. So now that you have broken the ice, please do not let us lose touch with one another again.

Our distribution of crackers to young readers in recent *P.I.P.* competition seems to have given universal satisfaction. I have received charming letters from all the young prize-winners. For instance, little Miss Nellie Grant, of Waterloo Road, Havant, writes: "I am so pleased with the crackers you sent me. I took them to school to show my teachers, and they thought

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they were beautiful." Then, again, an enthusiastic young lady, Miss Lily Staniland, of High Street, Saltley, sends me the following: "Thank you very much for the lovely box of crackers I have received. I did not expect to get half such a splendid prize. We have always had the *Penny Illustrated Paper*, and grandpa has had it for fifty years—since the first Exhibition in London."

From Myrtle Springs, Sheffield, Miss Dora Bacon indites a charming little letter: "Your crackers have safely arrived, and I wish to thank you for such a beautiful prize. I have told my little brother he can have some, as he is too young to send in himself. My parents and all my friends think the crackers are lovely."

These are only a few of the cheery letters from my young readers. Most of them wish me the compliments of the season, and, as it is impossible for me to thank each one personally, I take this opportunity of wishing them each and all a really jolly Christmas and a very, very happy New Year.

"South African," writing from the Cromwell Road, South Kensington, says: "We are delighted with your Christmas number, especially Frank Reynold's page, and Bunnett's photos of children. Have taken four copies of *P.I.P.* every week for four years, and think it has improved very much last six months. I send three copies weekly to a boys' school, as the "World of Pastime" is so interesting—the boys like all photos of sport."

Mr. H. Weaver, of Treen, Cornwall, has taken the paper for thirty years, and has "watched its many improvements." He posts a copy regularly to a son in South Africa, who often refers to it in his letters, and looks forward to its arrival. Mr. J. E. Smith, of Chancery Street, Leicester, has taken the paper for thirty years, and thinks it is the best pennyworth in the market. He sends me a very pretty picture-postcard of Spinney Hill Park, for which many thanks.

Here is a suggestion which may prove useful to other readers. Mr. M. H. B. Stracey, of Eastbourne, says: "I take in the *P.I.P.* regularly for my lads' Bible class. They seize on it eagerly, and what I like in it best are the pictures of noble actions (such as the Glasgow firemen) and those that interest them in great public topics, such as the unemployed problem, the massacres of the Jews, etc. They are a great help to the Bible teaching, as I want them to know how to read the Bible in life."

"E. M. W.," writing from Harlesden Road, N.W., says: "I like the theatrical news and woman's page best, but I think there is something to suit everyone. With regard to the correspondent who thinks there is too much football, I think it would be a great pity to drop it, as it makes the paper interesting to boys and men."

My space is running out, and I cannot quote any more of the charming post-cards of good wishes and congratulations which have reached the *P.I.P.* from every side. But the writers will realise, I feel sure, how very much I appreciate their kindness. VALENTIA STEER.

Subscriptions for the PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER should be sent to the Publisher, 18 Henrietta Street, W.C. The "P.I.P." will be sent post-free to any part of the United Kingdom for thirteen weeks, on receipt of postal order, value 1s. 8d.; six months, 3s. 3d.; one year, 6s. 6d. Single copies post-free 1½d. For foreign postage the rates are: three months, 2s. 2d.; six months, 4s. 4d.; one year, 8s. 8d. The PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER may be sent by halfpenny post to any place in the United Kingdom. To the Colonies or any foreign place the postage is one penny.

Playwriting Pays.

Playwriting does pay despite what is said by some dramatists who would fain make of their profession a close corporation. For example, "The Palace of Truth" and "Pygmalion and Galatea" have brought in to Mr. Gilbert the nice little sum of £45,000. For many years "our only librettist" drew from the Savoy alone quite £12,000 per annum, and we all know that fees for provincial, American, and other rights are not inconsiderable. Henry Arthur Jones must surely sigh for the days when the "Dancing Girl" brought him in £200 per week. "Rebellious Susan" was nearly as remunerative. The fate, however, of later plays has discounted previous successes. Mr. Pinero made £40,000 by "Sweet Lavender," and a similar amount was made by Mr. Hawtrey from "The Private Secretary." Mr. George R. Sims, for the London rights of one piece alone, received during a period of ten years £4,357; for the provincial rights, £6,720; while America contributed over £12,000, and Australia £600; altogether close on £25,000. Mr. Sims cleared £15,000 in 1886 as his rights in "Harbour Lights," at the Adelphi.

RESULT OF THE "CHRISTMAS CRACKER" COMPETITION.

A box of Tom Smith's Christmas crackers has been sent to each of the following competitors:

Miss E. Matthews, care of W. Dennis, Pond Street, North Repps, Norwich; Master F. Stephens, 49 Keynsham Street, Cheltenham; Master A. Stubbins, 34 Tudor Terrace, Aberdare; Miss I. Lewcock, 32 Pelham Street, Hastings; Master C. S. Stanley, care of A. C. Heygate, Eton College, Windsor; Miss E. Noy, The Fens, Aldringham, near Saxmundham; Master E. Davies, care of John Davies, 19 Farmers Field, Pontardulais, near Swansea; Master W. B. Watson, 17A Duke Street, Edinburgh; Master F. Branch, School Hill, Warnham, Sussex; Master H. Marold, 6 Mollart Street, Hanley, Staffs; Master H. Davies, Great Gonerby, Grantham; Master F. Sherman, 28 Healey Street, Kentish Town, N.W.; Miss D. Green, Strumpshaw Hall, Norwich; Master Jas. Savory, 6 Upper Street, Totterdown, Bristol; Miss L. Sear, Drayton Parslow, Bletchley, Bucks; Miss J. Tompkins, 8 Church End, Pitstone, near Tring; Miss H. Logie, 4 Brunswick Place, Combe Down, Bath; Master A. Smart, 112 Grosvenor Road, Highbury, N.; Miss G. Cousins, 412 York Road, Wandsworth, S.W.; Master A. Holder, 61 Beresford Road, Canonbury; Miss A. Alexander, 1 Sydney Villas, Russell Road, Walton-on-Thames; Master Chas. Elliot, Helpringham, Heckington, S.O., Lincs; Master H. Burton, Sellors Cottage, Common Road, Hucknall Huthwaite, Notts; Miss G. Darlington, Church Farm, Ightfield, Whitchurch, Salop; Miss G. Chapman, 20 Chatsworth Road, Clapton, N.E.

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Continued from Page 413.

The strangeness and wonder of it all filled Graydon Garth with pleasure. Here and there, in the glow of the fires, white-robed warriors were playing games with pebbles or queer, square-shaped coins of white metal. He stood still to watch one group of players.

High words and angry looks were being exchanged. They were quarrelling over some point of the game. Then a knife flashed, and he saw blood gush over a white jibbeh. There was a shriek, and one of the players fell back, stabbed to the heart.

The next instant an officer galloped up. The murderer was writhing in the grasp of two of his comrades. There was a question and an answer, and the officer waved his hand. Crack! came the report of a revolver, and the murderer tottered sideways and lay dead.

"Quick justice," thought Graydon Garth. "They need it to keep a wild mob like this in hand. Kanarphes knows what he is about."

He skirted the unspanned waggons which kept in the noisy cattle. As yet, no one had given him a second glance, and he felt more confident. The fitful light of the fires and the black shadows flung by the waggons made detection difficult. How was this vast multitude of men and cattle fed? He saw mountains of hay, piles of grain, and countless bags of mealies. Every instant his admiration for Karnarphes, the Mummy, increased. For years the man must have been preparing for invasion.

As the millionaire plunged deeper into the lion's den, his keen eyes missing nothing, he learned that the warriors of Vor were of more races than one. Coal-black Soudanese lolled by the fires, and a company of dwarfs from the great Central African forests were dancing some wild dance apart from the others. Once he saw a few renegades in the tattered uniform of an Egyptian regiment, once heard voices talking softly in Portuguese. Strange company had met under the banner of Vor the All Powerful.

The camp seemed endless, limitless. He had walked for nearly two hours, and yet he judged that he had not reached the heart of it. Graydon Garth reckoned that it was fifteen miles in length, by ten or twelve in breadth—a veritable London built of matting, and teeming with life.

And it was a city of tents full of wonders. It had its drinking-booths, its cook-shops, its merchants, its police, and its magistrates. A thief, pursued by a shrieking mob, was captured and dragged into a large tent. In five minutes he was brought out and shot. The justice of Kanarphes was short, swift, and terrible.

He was nearing the great tent, and he laughed softly as he remembered the abject lunacy of his scheme. The tent stood on a mound, and four searchlights focussed their glare upon it. Sentries paced up and down on every side, outlined clearly in the glow. A beetle could hardly have crawled in between them undetected.

A platform, draped in purple cloth, rose before the tent, and two white banners, covered with eyes of purple, floated above it. In the centre rose an altar with carved legs, that flashed like polished brass. A column of smoke rose from a brazier in the centre.

Priests, in snowy robes, were chanting monotonously.

Then the notes of a bell clanged through the camp.

Other bells answered it. Swiftly a mighty crowd gathered round the tent. It increased until, looking behind him, the millionaire looked down upon a sea of dark, upturned faces. The dull clanging of the bell sounded strangely like a dirge—the dirge rung for lost and dead Africa. There was no chance of retreat. He was wedged in on every side. Little did those who stood nearest think that they were brushing elbows with the one man on earth Kanarphes feared. It was a silent, expectant multitude.

The curtain of the tent was drawn back. Swinging, brazen censers, the white-robed priests of Vor, marched slowly round the altar. They formed a semi-circle behind it and broke into a chant. Their voices died away, and they hid their faces. A deep, hoarse murmur ran through the crowd as a stunted figure appeared.

It was Kanarphes, the Mummy, his robes ablaze with jewels. Like a thunderclap came his greeting:

"Kanarphes! Kanarphes!"

He strode forward in the glaring light and raised his thin arms above his head. Graydon Garth's fingers itched to snatch out his revolver and shoot the Egyptian down. He satisfied himself by shrugging his shoulders. He had no desire to be torn limb from limb by the savage mob around him.

Clear and distinct the croaking notes of Kanarphes reached his ears.

"Children of Vor, the All Powerful, behold the talisman!"

For an instant his eyes were dazzled. In his skinny, yellow hands, Kanarphes, the Mummy, held the talisman. It was an eye—a human eye—as large as a man's head. It rolled and quivered and flashed with a thousand tremulous fires.

The talisman that, like some mighty magnet, had drawn five million men north, south, east, and west to wreck a continent! Every head was bowed before it. Red, white, green, blue, gold, purple, flashed the dancing fires.

"Worship, my people—worship," croaked Kanarphes, the Mummy, "for the time has come. For I, Kanarphes, at the bidding of Vor, have journeyed from the Hidden Lands bearing the sacred talisman. And ye have obeyed. Above us floats the banner of the eye. Look and worship."

He held the talisman above him in his left hand. Every nerve in Graydon Garth's body thrilled. Low and solemn came the chanting of the priests:

"I, Vor, the All Powerful, was angry with my people, for they had transgressed. And in those days only one of my priests, Bago-Van, my chosen prophet, was faithful unto me. And so in my wrath I would have destroyed you, by sword, pestilence, and famine, save that Bago-Van did plead for you.*

"Then did I give you over for a prey to the gold-seekers of Sheba, the wild hunters of the desert, and the fierce dwarfs of the forest. The bow, the sword, and the bitter famines beat you back into the swamps. And for the sake of my servant, Bago-Van, whom you despised, even then did I spare the remnant of you unto this day.

"Rejoice, oh! my children, for you are forgiven! Rejoice, oh! my children, for the time of wrath is past. Rejoice and worship, for those who oppressed you shall you tread under your feet."

Kanarphes took his stand on the altar, the smoke of the brazier whirling up behind him, the lights flashing upon him. Chanting still, the priests began to move round him in a slow, stately dance. Still the withered mummy held the talisman of Vor aloft.

At some signal, unseen by the millionaire, the worshippers brandished their revolvers.

"Vor, Vor and Kanarphes!"

The brazier flung up a column of coloured fires, the devotees discharged their revolvers into the air. Kanarphes reeled, and, like a mass of living light, the eye of Vor fell from his hand.

Amid an awed, terrible hush, the high priest fell prostrate across the altar.

For Graydon Garth never missed!

* This translation of the chant of the priests of Vor was made by Graydon Garth.

MULDOON STEPS IN WHERE ALL OTHERS FEAR TO TREAD.

The stars were paling over the giant peaks as the aeronef drove through the great ravine where the eternal snows never melt. Twelve thousand feet below, like a thin grey thread, gushed the river fed by the great glacier of Bal-Kleet. And then the golden sun shot up, and peak after peak flushed into crimson and yellow.

"The Hill Country at last," said Vanessa, the Queen.

The vessel floated through the great ravine. Vanessa looked down on a city that seemed but a toy, and upon the white pinnacles of her palace set in a bower of green. The suspensory screws spun more slowly, and city and river and palace grew in size.

All was asleep as the peaks flung back the roseate hues of the morning. Muldoon was at his post. He was no stranger to the Hill Country on the Thibetan border. He watched Vanessa with more interest than he watched the nearing city.

She was standing on the deck, one arm thrown round an upright. The upper part of her face was masked to protect it from the terrible cold, and even the thick furs she wore could not hide the glorious outlines of her perfect figure. He saw her face in profile, and her red lips were parted expectantly. Her head and shoulders were powdered with snow.

"Look, Muldoon," she cried, "the flags!"

Terry raised his telescope. Two banners waved side by side on the palace tower, the gaudy flag of the Hill Country and the plain white one of Graydon Garth, with its border and initials of blue.

"Ratalji and Vanessa share the throne," said the Queen, "as they shared it long ago. Ah, if this thing had not happened! Why should Fate bring my lord again to me only to take him away?"

She bowed her head, and, entering the wheelhouse, closed the door.

"Shall I signal, madam?" said Muldoon.

"No, why should we? The news will spread fast enough. And, besides, I would see how my wiseacres govern in my absence."

"They'll spot the flags, anyhow," muttered Terry.

The *Destroyer* was poised above the palace now. The drowsy sentries rubbed their eyes as they saw the grey-black cone descending. Muldoon steered cleverly, and the vessel sank without a quiver, and lay motionless in the central courtyard.

And with only a few sleepy sentries to greet her, Vanessa, the Queen, sprang down the ladder and walked up the white steps into the palace of the Hill Country.

Terry went to sleep.

Even the shouts of the populace, the incessant banging of guns and rattle of tom-toms failed to rouse him as the hillmen celebrated the coming of their Queen. With Vanessa, the wife of Graydon Garth, in his keeping, Muldoon had almost killed himself with exertion. To guard her was a sacred duty, and Terry had hardly left the wheelhouse half a dozen times since the journey commenced.

A rough shaking by a black hand at length brought him to a hazy knowledge that it was time to get up. The hand belonged to a dusky man in a silk turban, who wore a great many rings and a murderous-looking scimitar with a jewelled hilt.

"Mornin'," said Terry, rubbing his eyes. "Pleased to see yez. What a row somebody's makin'."

(To be continued.)

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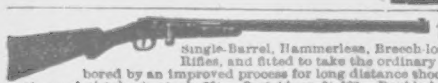

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